

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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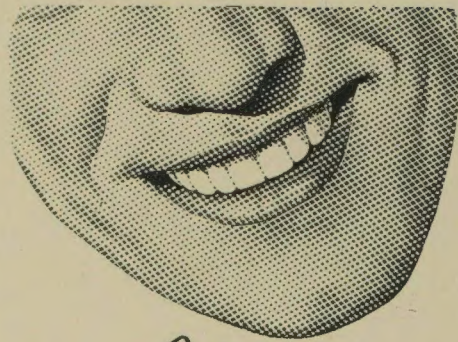
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Constant  
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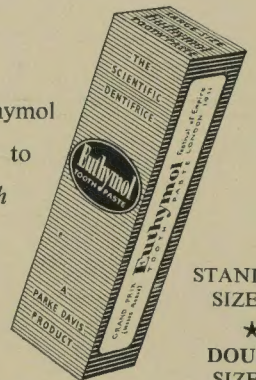
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**DRIVE WITH DIRT-PROOF OIL!**

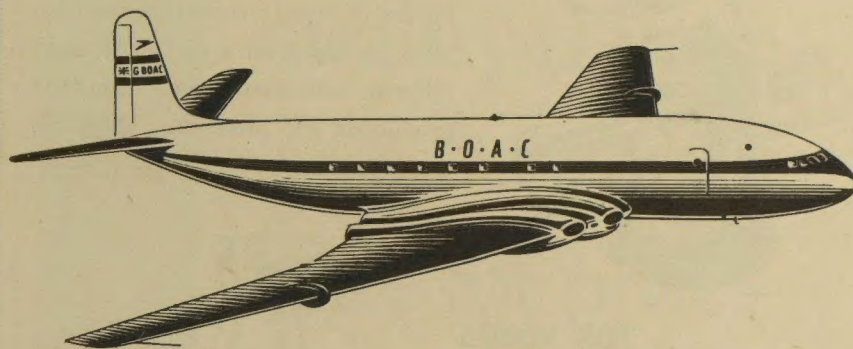
Get any good garage to change your AC Filter Element or AC Filter Cartridge at least every 8,000 miles.

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JETLINER SERVICE

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An eight-mile-a-minute *Comet* jetliner service is now operating to Bombay and Colombo via Rome, Beirut, Bahrain and Karachi. This is additional to the London-Johannesburg *Comet* service three times a week. Shortly, *Comet* jetliners will be introduced on the B.O.A.C. air route between London and Singapore. Watch for the starting date. Remember: It costs nothing extra to fly by this fastest ever service to India and Ceylon.

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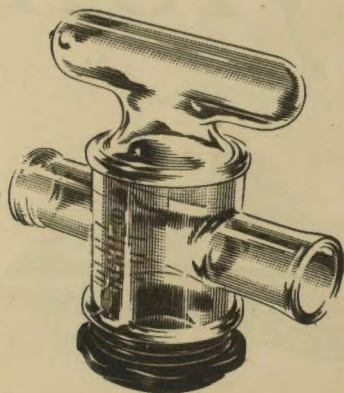


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OF SUNDERLAND

*versatility in glass*

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling and Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world

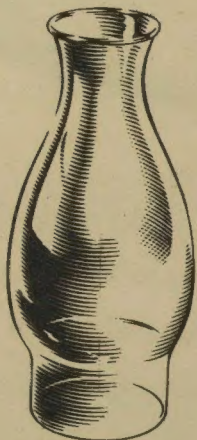


## FOR INDUSTRIES

— a glass stopcock, part of the 'Pyrex' system of VISIBLE FLOW pipelines that plays so important a part in so many different industries, among them food production and processing, chemicals manufacturing and brewing

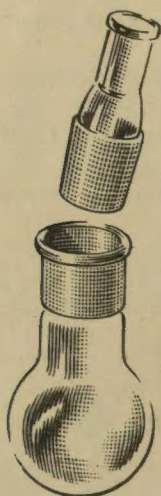
## FOR HOMES

Wherever oil lamps are used—in cottages or kraals—you will find 'Pyrex' brand lamp chimneys, made in a variety of shapes and sizes



## FOR LABORATORIES

— interchangeable ground-glass joints made entirely of 'Pyrex' glass—impervious to chemical action, resistant to thermal shock. They simplify the assembly and interchange of apparatus. Joblings are the largest British manufacturers of glass laboratory equipment



AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE  
*original oven-to-table glass*



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A "Shell" Photograph.

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The gas turbine unit fitted by The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Rugby, has many components made in Firth-Vickers Heat- and Creep-Resisting Steels, including the rotor shaft, rotor and stator turbine blades, etc.

The continuous technical development of our special steels achieves the improvements in performance and efficiency of gas turbine units on land, sea and in the air.

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## CAR'S INSIDE STORY

What about the  
poor chap in the back?

You can sit comfortably behind the wheel of a car and never know what the chap in the back suffers.

That's one of the first points you notice about the Javelin—in the back seats your knees are nowhere near your chin. Two men with lanky legs can stretch and loll about. And there's a feeling of confidence in the car—the way it helps out the driver and takes a grip of the road.

If you've not been in a Javelin before, just come for a short drive . . . effortless acceleration (0 to 50 in 15.4 secs.)—80 m.p.h. from a flat-four 1½ litre engine—cruising up in the 60's.

Perhaps this is the first time you've experienced what torsion bar suspension can do to bumps—perhaps you've never cornered like this before.

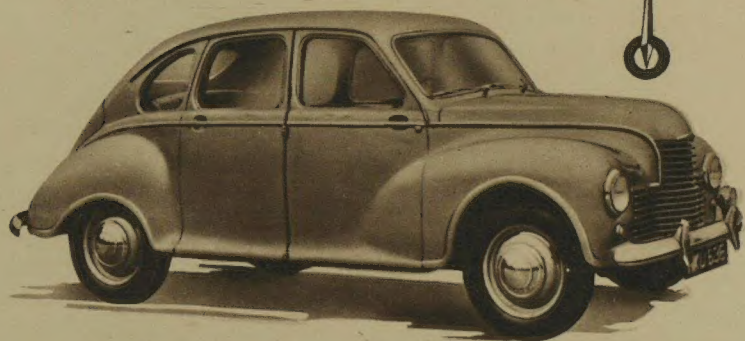
Perhaps you're already saying to yourself—what so many say after just one ride in a Javelin—one day this car is going to be *yours*.

The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands—real family comfort—economy—and performance. Incidentally, the Javelin won outright the Closed Car Section of the R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain this year.

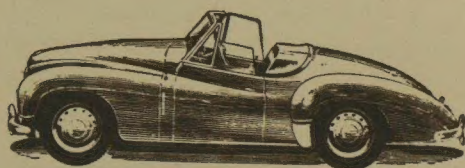
Best speed, electrically timed, 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. in 15.4 secs. ("The Motor" 1952 Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four engine gives 30 m.p.g.

The 1½ litre  
**JOWETT JAVELIN**

*one day—it has to be YOURS!*



**The Javelin's sister car,  
the JOWETT JUPITER**



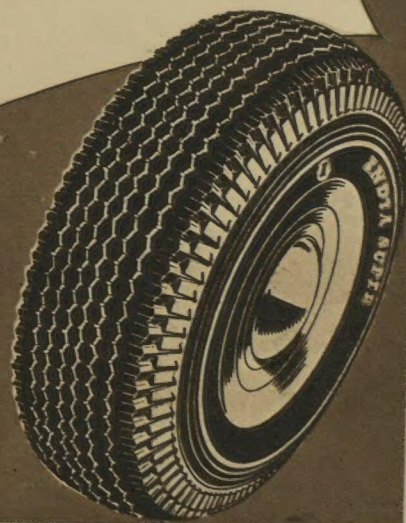
The 90 m.p.h., high performance Jowett JUPITER, winner of 9 major events in the 1950-51 season. Winner of Le Mans (1½ litre class) for the third year running in 1952. This amazingly successful 1½ litre sports convertible has basically the same engine as the Jowett Javelin.

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more for India  
tyres but you  
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There is sunshine in plenty in South Africa — glorious heartening sunshine that comes to you out of a clear, blue sky. There is excitement and novelty for you, too, tasting new adventures, enjoying the freedom of miles of glorious sands, visiting the modern towns and watering places. You are at liberty to spend as much money as you want: there are no currency restrictions.

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It is a fragrance of aristocratic daintiness.

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Tea Merchants By Appointment to the late



King George VI and the late Queen Victoria

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For delicate yet pronounced flavour try Ridgways finest tea—"H.M.B." (Her Majesty's Blend), which yields a noble flavour and aroma. So a quarter at 1/5d. goes further than many a 'cheaper' tea, as well as being much more enjoyable. For a quick-brewing tea of richer colour and bolder flavour, ask for Ridgways "Delicious" Small Leaf at 1/2d. the quarter. They yield their delightful qualities to the full *when brewed at normal strength*. For all the enjoyment you are about to experience, you may find Ridgways less costly than the tea you use at present.



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1952.



**THE TRAGEDY THAT MARRED THE S.B.A.C. DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A PORTION OF THE FUSELAGE OF THE D.H. 110 FALLING TO THE GROUND AFTER THE AIRCRAFT HAD DISINTEGRATED.**

This year's display by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough was marred by a tragic accident which occurred on September 6 when a de Havilland 110 broke up in the air shortly after it had dived from 40,000 ft. at super-sonic speed. The aircraft was watched by a crowd of 130,000 as it swept downwards, its flight accompanied by three sharp cracks, the sonic boom characteristic of flight in excess of the speed of sound, and then it pulled out of

its dive and flashed low over the airfield and was lost to view. It returned at a height of about 1000 ft. and when it was over the centre of the airfield its nose lifted and the aircraft disintegrated. The two jet engines broke away and travelled on before diving to the ground, one smashing into a section of the crowd on a hillside. The test pilot, Mr. John Derry, the observer, Mr. Anthony Richards, and twenty-five spectators were killed and sixty-three were injured.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"FOR what we have received," I was taught to say after my meals as a little boy, "the Lord make us truly thankful!" Every year, when the anniversary of the R.A.F.'s victory in the Battle of Britain comes round, we of our generation should recall with thankfulness the men, living and dead, who by their courage, skill and devotion, won for our country and the world that salvationary victory. There never was another quite like it in the whole of our long history since Alfred won his great victory over the Danes at Etheldun more than a thousand years before. For in the defeat of the Armada—the only comparable victory in its result for England in modern history—Providence was on the English side, and wind, tide and weather played an immense part in the Spanish defeat. No

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING IN BELFAST.



THE IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND THE PRESIDENT FOR 1952: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., F.R.S. (RIGHT), AND PROFESSOR A. V. HILL, C.H., O.B.E., F.R.S.

The 114th Assembly of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, founded in 1831, opened in Belfast on September 3. The Duke of Edinburgh, President last year, arrived in Belfast by air on September 2, and on the following morning presented the prizes which are awarded annually by the scientific review "Endeavour"; and later attended the inaugural meeting of the Association, when Professor A. V. Hill, this year's President, delivered the Presidential address, on "The Ethical Dilemma of Science." In his brilliant speech Professor A. V. Hill had chosen to take up the challenge expressed by the Duke of Edinburgh in his Presidential address of last year: "It is clearly our duty as citizens to see that science is used for the benefit of mankind. For of what use is science if man does not survive?" The Duke moved the vote of thanks to the President and read a message from the Queen sending her good wishes to the assembly.

Yet it is fitting that on this anniversary we should primarily remember the Royal Air Force, its officers and men, living and dead, and all those dependent on them. It is for the latter that the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund exists. Of the value of that Fund, of the immense service it affords to the widows and children of those who died or suffered fatal injury that Britain might live, I can speak from some small personal experience, having had some minor concern with the affairs of one or two of those whom the Fund exists to aid. It is administered with the highest degree of efficiency, helpfulness and delicacy of feeling. It depends for its existence on the support of the public. A subscription to it seems a comparatively small return for the service formerly rendered by those whose dependents it helps to maintain. There is not an individual, a firm, a Trade Union, a Co-operative Society, a school, a college, or any other institution in Great Britain that does not owe its existence and survival literally to the R.A.F. "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful!"

The Battle of Britain, supreme deliverance though it was, was, of course, only one of the many great actions fought and wrought for our country by the R.A.F. in the late war. Equally important, for instance, equally heroic, and attended by even higher casualties among its operational crews, was the service of Bomber Command during its five-years battle over Rhineland, Ruhr and Berlin, Germany, France, Holland, Italy and Norway, the Atlantic, Channel and North Sea. That battle virtually never ceased

from the summer of 1940 until the end of the war. It was fought at first against immense odds; it was continued until Germany's capacity to supply and maintain her armies in the field had been almost completely destroyed by it. It was a victory as annihilating as Trafalgar and productive of much the same results. For, like Trafalgar, it deprived our enemy, though master of the Continent, of the initiative and left him without the means either of knowing where the next blow of the United Nations would fall or of adequately resisting it when it did fall. Coupled with our own and our allies' sustained offensives on land, it battled down the Nazis' power and reduced them to the broken and desperate wrecks they became within less than four years of the time when they stood undisputed masters of the Continent. It gave the forces of

liberation command of the skies, not only above the seas and lands encircling Germany from north and west, but over Germany itself. It brought every industrial city and artery in the Reich into the front firing-line.

This offensive projection of the command of the sea far into the enemy's land, of which Bomber Command gave the first example in history, has not yet been realised and properly understood by our people. Its significance, should a war ever be forced on us by the giant land-power of Soviet Russia, is incalculable. Without it our chance and that of our Transatlantic allies of emerging victorious from such a conflict would be non-existent; we and they would be as impotent to hurt Russia as we and France showed ourselves to be during the Crimean War of a century ago. But the use of a third dimension in attack might—should we in a war initiated by Soviet aggression win such command of the air as we won against Germany in 1944—reduce the defences of the U.S.S.R. from a depth of thousands of miles to one of as many feet. Moscow could be brought as near an assailant's front line as Leningrad was in 1941, and at any hour of the day or night. The power of mobility and surprise given by command of the air by an attacking Power that also commands the sea is overwhelming. Our first task, having thrown away command of the air in the wasted years between 1945 and 1950, is to recover our ability to win a defensive victory over our own skies comparable to the Battle of Britain. Yet almost as urgent, and perhaps quite as urgent—for it is more than conceivable that the only effective defence against the atomic-bomb lies in attack—is to regain the offensive initiative in the air which we won

at such immense sacrifice between 1940 and 1944. The stronger the bombing force which this country and America can launch against an aggressor, the smaller the likelihood of a third world war. It is probably the most effective deterrent to war that has ever been known, for, if powerful enough, it would involve the immediate destruction of the capital and industrial resources of the guilty men who had caused such a war, and, probably, of those guilty men themselves.

In the last resort, all national security, active or passive, depends on the readiness of men to sacrifice themselves for the defence of their country. That readiness has been shown by the officers and men of the Royal Air Force ever since it came into existence in 1918. The confidence that their countrymen would look after their dependents in the event of their full sacrifice being accepted was, and still is, a most vital factor in the formation and preservation of the whole Service's morale. The R.A.F. Benevolent Fund is the permanent guarantee that that confidence shall never be misplaced.





A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT FARNBOROUGH DURING THE S.B.A.C. FLYING DISPLAY AND EXHIBITION, WITH A NUMBER OF THE EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING AIRCRAFT SHOWN ON THE GROUND. THEY ARE NUMBERED AND CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY MEANS OF OUR KEY, GIVEN BELOW. [Photograph by Air Survey Co.]

- |  |  |   |  |
|--|--|---|--|
| 1. De Havilland Vampire single-seat jet-fighter.                       | 8. Bristol 173 15-seater twin rotor helicopter.              | 18. Fairey Gannet, Double-Mamba engine, anti-submarine deck-landing aircraft. | 28. Auster B-4 light freighter.  |
| 2. Avro Shackleton four-engine maritime reconnaissance.                | 9. Bristol 171 helicopter, general purpose.                  | 19. Vickers Supermarine Type 508 twin-jet fighter.                            | 29. Saro Skeeter helicopter trainer.                                   |
| 3. English Electric Canberra, bomber version, and other types.         | 10. Westland Wyvern, torpedo-fighter.                        | 20. Vickers Supermarine Swift single-jet fighter.                             | 30. Auster light aircraft.   |
| 4. Vickers Viscount, four gas turbines, commercial transport.          | 11. Handley-Page Marathon 1A, four engines, light transport. | 21. Hawker Hunter single-jet fighter.   | 31. Blackburn four-engine Universal Freighter.                         |
| 5. De Havilland Comet, four-jet passenger airliner.                    | 12. Handley-Page Marathon 1A, four engines, light transport. | 22. Hawker Seahawk single-jet fighter.  | 32. De Havilland single-jet Night Fighter Venom.                       |
| 5a. De Havilland Comet, four-jet passenger airliner.                   | 13. Auster Aiglet trainer, or private-owner light aircraft.  | 23. Avro 707 Delta single-jet fighter research aircraft.                      | 33. De Havilland single-jet Vampire trainer.                           |
| 6. Short S.A.4, four-jet bomber research aircraft.                     | 14. Percival Prince light transport.                         | 24. De Havilland Sea Venom single-jet fighter.                                | 34. De Havilland single-engine Chipmunk trainer.                       |
| 7. Bristol Britannia, four gas turbines 100-seater passenger airliner. | 15. Percival Provost trainer.                                | 25. De Havilland Venom single-jet fighter.                                    | 35. De Havilland twin-engine Dove light transport.                     |
|  | 16. Scottish Aviation Pioneer light freighter.               | 26. Bristol Freighter twin-engine freighter.                                  | 36. Short twin-engine Sealand amphibian.                               |
|  | 17. Gloster Meteor two-jet trainer.                          | 27. Vickers Valetta twin-engine military transport.                           | 37. Vickers single-jet Attacker.                                       |
|  |  |   | 38. Fairey single-engine Firefly anti-submarine deck-landing aircraft. |



WHERE EXPERTS AND DISTINGUISHED VISITORS GATHERED LAST WEEK TO SEE THE LATEST AND MOST REVOLUTIONARY TYPES OF BRITISH-DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED AIRCRAFT SHOW THEIR PACES: THE AIRFIELD AS SEEN FROM THE BLACKBURN UNIVERSAL FREIGHTER.

THE GREAT FARNBOROUGH DISPLAY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT: GENERAL VIEWS WITH EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING EXHIBITS SHOWN ON THE GROUND.

The Flying Display and Static Exhibition of products of the members of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough last week was a deeply impressive demonstration of British predominance in the field of aeronautical design. In our last issue we illustrated highlights of the occasion, and on this page we give general views of the airfield, with a number of the particularly interesting exhibits on the ground. Spectators saw—and heard—aircraft flying at near-sonic and super-sonic speeds. About 700 m.p.h. was reached by Mr. Neville

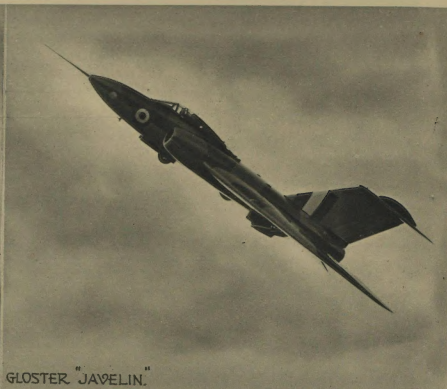
Duke, in the Hawker Hunter, Mr. David Morgan, in the Supermarine Swift, and Mr. Michael Lithgow, in the Supermarine 508 naval fighter. On September 6 Mr. John Derry, the test pilot, Mr. Anthony Richards, his observer, and twenty-five spectators were killed when a de Havilland 110 broke up in the air shortly after diving from 40,000 ft. at super-sonic speed. The Avro 698, the only four-jet delta bomber in the world, showed her paces before the Duke of Edinburgh on September 2.



# THE STRANGE MODERN DENIZENS OF OUR BLUE SKIES: NEW BRITISH AIRCRAFT OF ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE.



TWO VIEWS OF THE GLOSTER "JAVELIN."



SAUNDERS-ROE "PRINCESS" FLYING-BOAT.



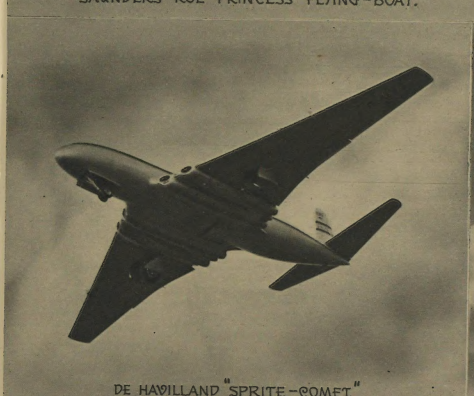
AVRO "SHACKLETON 2."



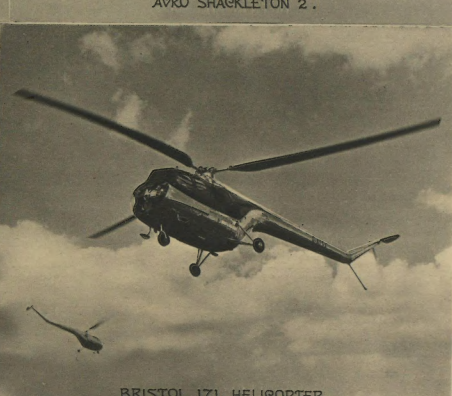
VICKERS ARMSTRONGS "SUPERMARINE SWIFT."



AVRO A. 698 DELTA.



DE HAVILLAND "SPRITE-COMET."



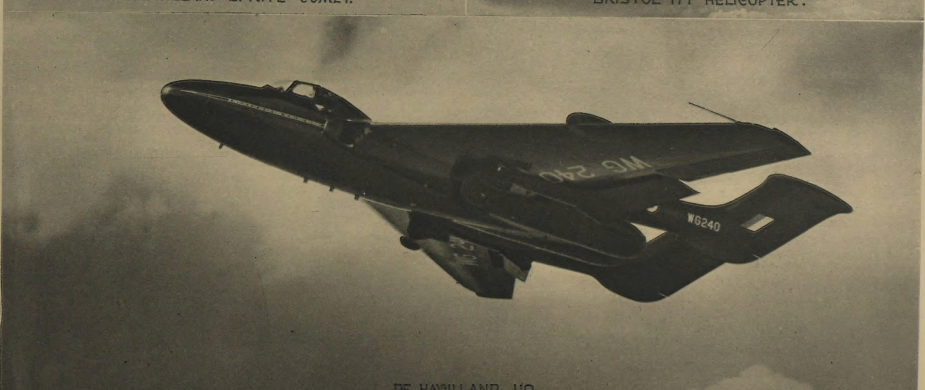
BRISTOL 171 HELICOPTER.



HAWKER "HUNTER."



BRISTOL 173 HELICOPTER.



DE HAVILLAND 110.

The astonishing performance of new British aircraft shown last week at the S.B.A.C. Farnborough Display was watched by many distinguished visitors and experts. On these pages we illustrate a selection in flight. The Gloster *Javelin* (two Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* turbo-jet engines) first flew in November, 1951. A two-seat long-range, day and night, all-weather radar-equipped fighter, she is the world's first twin-jet-engined delta; and is now in super-priority production for the R.A.F. She

carries a tail-braking parachute for slowing the landing run and is capable of flying faster than sound. The Avro *Shackleton 2* (four 2450-h.p. Rolls-Royce *Griffon* piston engines) first flew in June, 1952. She is a maritime reconnaissance bomber, more powerfully armed and more streamlined than the *Shackleton G.R.1*, currently in service with the R.A.F. Coastal Command. The Vickers-Armstrong *Supermarine Swift* (one Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbo-jet engine) first flew in January, 1951. A single-seat

swept-wing fighter, she is in super-priority production for the R.A.F. She set up a London-to-Brussels speed record on July 10, 1952, when she flew the 200.38 miles in 18 mins. 3.3 secs. at an average speed of 665.9 m.p.h. The Avro 698 four-jet Delta-wing bomber, the only one of her kind, was illustrated in our last week's issue. The de Havilland *Sprite-Comet* (four 5000-lb. static thrust de Havilland *Ghost* turbo-jet engines) is a standard Comet Series I, with de Havilland Engine Co.'s 5000-lb.

static thrust *Sprite* rocket motor to assist take-off. The 171 Bristol helicopter is in production for the British services and the R.A.A.F. as the *Sycamore*. The Hawker *Hunter* (one Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbo-jet engine) first flew in July, 1951. A single-seat swept-wing fighter, she is faster in level flight than the *Sabre* or M.I.G. 15. The disaster at the Display on September 6, when a de Havilland 110 broke up in the air, is described elsewhere in this issue.



# THE GARDEN OF DELIGHTS—AND THE DELIGHT OF GARDENS.

**"GARDENS"; By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS.\***

**An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.**

TIME was that I took up two papers each week mainly in order to read Sir William Beach Thomas's perfectly turned little essays about country things: I still take one for that reason. He is, theoretically and practically, a great gardener: but he knows wild life also; there is nothing in rural England with which he is not familiar; he could talk, on equal terms, with a forester

the Garden Daisy, the Lily of the Valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Fox-glove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Clove, the Forget-me-not, the Gilly-flower, the Mallow, the Rose, still almost a Sweet-brier, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous finery of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields: these alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty." Maeterlinck wrote of Belgium: I cannot help thinking that many English flowers, such as daffodil and primrose and wild hyacinth, existed here centuries before the dates he mentions. When, if ever, I find a country cottage again, with a small plot for fruit, flowers and the production of eggs which are not Polish or Peruvian New-Laid, I shall be quite content if my garden contains that poor residue which "blossomed in the gardens of our fathers." I admit that I should like some of the lovely exotics thrown in: lilac, laburnum, wistaria. But I can do without zinnias, lobelias and even those soldierly tulips: a garden which contained every flower mentioned by Shakespeare would be quite good enough for me. And it wouldn't be entirely devoid of majesty. Shakespeare mentioned the Crown-Imperial. Perhaps that also

colours and sizes of which our fathers never dreamt. They have their aims and they reach them: like the dog-fanciers who have produced bulldogs who can hardly breathe, wire-haired terriers with no brains, and sealyhams who have forgotten their functions: they haven't, thank goodness, been allowed to get loose on fox-hounds, which still have to do their job. But it seems to me that our gardens are more scentless than of old. One can't blame the horticulturists for the loss of the scent of musk. That plant, wild or tame, with which the greenhouses of the aunts of my generation were powerfully redolent, lost its scent all over the world in a short space of time and (I write subject to correction) nobody knows why. But roses and carnations are not what they were; and there are moments when I think about plant-breeders in the



SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "GARDENS," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir William Beach Thomas, who was created K.B.E. in 1920, was born in 1868 and educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford. He was President of the Oxford University Athletic Club. He has been for many years a regular contributor to the *Observer* and the *Spectator*, and is the author of many books, among which may be mentioned *The Yeoman's England* (1934); *Village England* (1935); *The Poems of a Countryman* (1946); and *The Way of a Dog* (1948).



"HAMPTON COURT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

On Hampton Court and "Dutch William," Sir William Beach Thomas quotes Defoe: "In a few years fine gardens and fine houses began to grow up in every corner; the King began with the gardens at Hampton Court and Kensington, and the gentlemen follow'd everywhere, with such a gust that the alteration is indeed wonderful thro' the whole kingdom."

about forestry, or with a poacher about poaching.

When I opened this book I thought it was going to be a book entirely by himself. It turns out not to be that. It is an anthology of extracts about gardens with interlinking passages by himself. The extracts are so well chosen that they could well stand by themselves. But the linking passages are so charming that one always regrets leaving this wise, humorous, sensitive commentator for some eminent dead author whom he celebrates and commends.

He classifies his extracts under a number of headings. There are Edens (and, in our Western history, the Garden came even before the Gardener—and Sir William wonders whether Adam and Eve had to cope with rabbits), Gardeners, Nature's Garden, Great Gardens, Small Gardens, Flowers, Pleasure Gardens, and so on. And each chapter is adorned with quotations, some very familiar, like those from Francis Bacon, and some which to most readers will come with a delicious shock of novelty, illustrating the aspect of gardening with which the chapter deals. As we approach our own day the usual trend is apparent. The day of great gardens is over, like the day of great private libraries and the day of great private picture collections. Kent, Repton and Capability Brown would find little employment to-day unless they could get Government jobs, entailing the decent concealment of the horrors of the new Satellite Towns. He ends, as we must all end now, with the little plot and what to do with it. The cottagers have always known; and we are all cottagers now, if we can get cottages.

We have ransacked the world for flowers and flowering shrubs and flowering trees. As Sir William says, we are chiefly indebted for our importations to China; and though remarkable things have come from the Andes, most of our other new delights (it is only yesterday that Mr. Kingdon-Ward brought back the Manipur Lily) have come from those countries which border on China. What had we before the virtuous pillaging of both hemispheres began. Sir William quotes Maeterlinck to the effect that most of those flowers which we cherish as our dearest and homeliest have been in Europe no long time. "Old flowers, I said. I was wrong; for they are not so old. When we study their history and investigate their pedigrees, we learn with surprise that most of them, down to the simplest and commonest, are new beings, freedmen, exiles, newcomers, visitors, foreigners." "The Pansy appears in 1613... the Garden Pink is of modern date... The Mignonette, the Heliotrope—who would believe it?—are not 200 years old." That the tulip, the dahlia, the fuchsia and the gladiolus were not indigenous here, anybody, even without historical knowledge, could shrewdly guess by merely looking at them. But I am sad about the mignonette which, like the Canterbury bells, I have always regarded as an essential inmate of an English cottage garden.

What had we before the explorers began to botanise, with their eyes (I dare say) mainly concentrated on drugs like tobacco and quinine? "Alone the Violet,

was brought by men in galleons from the Indies. So, at a pinch, I could do without that. Size isn't everything: colour, shape, scent, strength, exquisite fragility can be found in "the meanest flower that blows."

It is all to the good that village children are now taught to notice wild-flowers: but it is a pity that the proofs of notice which they are encouraged to produce are bunches which fade almost as soon as they are picked. Let them be encouraged to report a growing flower rather than to pluck it or pull it up from the roots. The bird-world is just getting out of the stage of reporting the visit of a Baltimore oriole or hoopoe in terms: "Shot by the Rev. Marmaduke Jones on April 2, 1846." It is high time that the botanical world turned a similar corner. The men who write about wild-flowers in the papers are



"THE TUILERIES GARDENS," BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827).

The Tuileries gardens in Paris have been little altered since their original design by Le Notre, of whom Sir William Beach Thomas says that he was "by far the most famous or notorious of designers. He was an innovator and an enthusiast. Everything he said 'went.'"



"SPRING"; FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HIERONYMUS COCK AFTER PIETER BREUGHEL (1525-1569).

A scene which recalls a quotation from Hamlet which Sir William Beach Thomas prints: "Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they uphold Adam's profession."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Gardens"; by courtesy of the publisher, Burke.

always careful not to state where they have seen some rare orchis: they know that, if they give the information, a horde of barbarian despoilers will probably rush in and possibly exterminate the plant in that neighbourhood and, it might be, in all England.

Having begun with a book about gardens, I find myself with wild-flowers. It isn't unnatural. Every cultivated thing we have comes from a wild plant; and men still climb mountains and fight their way through jungles in the hope of finding beautiful new flowers of which breeders have never dreamt. The breeders, and cross-breeders, have done remarkable things. Even in my lifetime they have produced carnations, gladioli, dahlias and chrysanthemums in

way that Chesterton's dog, Quoodle, thought about human beings: "They haven't got no noses, The fallen sons of Eve."

This is a book from which no sensible person will ever part. It surveys the gardening world from Homer and Xenophon to Veitch and Allwood. I think there might have been something about the mediæval English garden. Many years ago I remember reading a sumptuous book on that subject, I think by the late Sir Frank Crisp. It was illustrated from illuminated manuscripts and early woodcuts, and showed that our ancestors in the Middle Ages, even if they had no notion of wildernesses or herbaceous borders, and were as severely architectural in their notions of gardens as their descendants of the period of "knots" and "trim parterres," refreshed themselves by sitting in enclosures where a few flowers grew, and mainly (as I remember) roses, some distance removed from the wild-brier. But what anthology has there ever been in which an enthusiast could not detect omissions? I have never read a page of Sir William's which has not delighted me with the ease and grace of its style or from which I have not learnt something. This is true of his verse also, which comes out of the whole nature-loving man, and of which too little notice has been taken. He allows a few fragments of it, over initials only, to slip into this volume: and they stand well in illustrious company.

It must be a printer's error which allows the creator of Strawberry Hill to appear here as "Sir Horace Walpole." Nobody would have dreamt of offering him the Garter; and I can't imagine him either being offered, or accepting, an ordinary knighthood or a baronetcy.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 428 of this issue.

\* "Gardens." By Sir William Beach Thomas. Pleasures of Life Series. 6 Colour Plates; 10 in Monochrome. (Burke; 21s.)





THE FARNBOROUGH DISASTER: (TOP) A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE D.H. 110 TAKEN JUST BEFORE IT DISINTEGRATED, AND (BELOW) THE AIRCRAFT BREAKING UP; SHOWING ONE OF THE JET ENGINES, TRAILING SMOKE, BELOW IT.

As recorded on our frontispiece, a de Havilland 110 disintegrated in the air at the S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough on September 6 shortly after it had been put into a dive from 40,000 ft. by the test pilot, Mr. John Derry. The disaster occurred when the aircraft flew back over the airfield at a height of 1000 ft., having levelled off after the dive and it was then flying at an estimated speed of 500 m.p.h. The photograph at the top of this page was taken as the aircraft was flying over

the airfield a few seconds before it broke up and the lower photograph shows the fatal moment when the aircraft lifted up its nose and broke apart. The two jet engines fell away and shot forward in the line of flight before curving downwards to the ground. One fell on open ground, but the other plunged into a dense section of the crowd on a hillside. The D.H. 110 became the first two-seat aircraft to fly faster than sound on April 9 and has since frequently exceeded sonic speed.





**A DISASTER IN WHICH 27 WERE KILLED AND 63 INJURED: THE SCENE AT FARNBOROUGH JUST**

Before a crowd of 130,000 watching the S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough on September 6, Mr. John Derry, the first British test pilot to fly faster than sound, and his observer were killed, together with twenty-five spectators, when the D.H. 110 he was flying broke up over the airfield. Falling debris injured sixty-three who were unable to avoid it owing to the press of people and the suddenness with which the

disaster occurred. There was no panic, but the great concourse seemed to be stunned by the tragedy and stood silent. Fire tenders and ambulances were quickly on the scene, and while some of the crowd rendered first aid to those lying on the ground, the work of removing the dead and injured was begun. It was decided to continue with the Display, and in the best traditions of British flying, Squadron Leader



**AFTER A D.H. 110 HAD BROKEN UP IN THE AIR, SHOWING SPECTATORS RECEIVING FIRST AID.**

Neville Duke, a close friend of Mr. Derry, took a Hawker Hunter up to a height of 40,000 ft. and, flying at super-sonic speed, produced the characteristic "sonic boom" in a final demonstration. On September 7, the final day of the Display, he repeated this performance before a crowd estimated to number 140,000. The Queen and Queen Mary have sent messages to Mr. Sandys, Minister of Supply, asking him to

convey their sympathy to the relatives of those who lost their lives, and M. Vincent Auriol, President of the French Republic, expressed his sympathy and that of the French Government in a message to the Queen. The aircraft concerned had completed over 150 hours flying. At the time of writing it is reported that one of the injured, a boy aged 14, has died in hospital.



WASHINGTON has been for me the scene of many pleasant meals, generally dinners, but occasionally luncheons. Best of all was a week-end spent outside it—nobody wants to be inside it more than necessary just at present. I left the stuffy station for the cool of the parlour-car. At Baltimore my hostess met me in a small English car just delivered, which she can park in places where the Cadillac will not fit. We ran out beyond the little town of Towson to a lovely house on a farm in a magnificent valley near the Lough Raven reservoir. We did the rounds, looked at the stock, came upon the daughter of the house leading about her yearling filly, so that she might learn to behave herself in the show-ring. Then a bath, with water from the cold tap coming out cold, whereas in Washington it comes out tepid, a glass of Bourbon with friends who had come for dinner, and the good things that come out of a Maryland kitchen. I shall always look back with great pleasure on that week-end, in which I enjoyed so much pleasant company and country. The return to Washington on Monday morning aroused no enthusiasm in my breast.

Yet Washington too, especially in its wooded outskirts, has much to offer. That same evening I went to dine in a company of historians and writers. My hosts were Dr. Hugh Cole, about whose book on General Patton's Lorraine campaign of 1944 I wrote here on January 20, 1951, and his wife, who endured with admirable serenity the company of five men talking unadulterated "shop" until after eleven o'clock. It was undoubtedly warm, but some degrees cooler than the centre of the city. The trees about the house and the sound of a running stream in themselves brought additional relief. The title of this article applies literally. The historians were in shirt-sleeves. Tropical suits are worn without suspenders (*anglice* braces) to the trousers, generally with white shirts, and often with bow-ties, so that it is natural and respectable to slip off one's coat—in fact, a row of hangers awaited ours. White dinner-jackets are for formal occasions only.

As usual nowadays, talk over cocktails eddied and swirled over the election. I find I am really beginning to understand a little, if only a little, about the issues and the personalities. My American acquaintances do not accuse me of ignorance. What they say, what half-a-dozen have already said, and some of the British colony have repeated, in almost identical words, is: "You've got more or less the right line there, but you're over-simplifying. Now this may mean what you say it means—it probably does—but it also means this and that, and it might possibly mean so-and-so." Everything is, in fact, highly complex. The minds of men who have lived their lives in politics are allied and pitted against one another. No issue or manoeuvre escapes them—what does sometimes escape them, as was proved at the last Presidential Election, is the mood of the people. At the same time undue prepossession with details and complications tends to confuse the issues. I am not sure that the party conventions were not better reported in certain British newspapers by a single correspondent than by newspapers over here which turned on half-a-dozen, allotting to each a jealously guarded rôle.

However, that topic did not last unduly long. To my great pleasure, the talk swung round to military history. At first it was naturally concerned with the Second World War. Campaigns were reviewed. Theories were thrashed out. Churchill once again confronted Roosevelt at Yalta. British and American policy was contrasted, with good humour and objectivity. Reputations were attacked and defended. Service rivalries, which are rather sharper in the United States armed forces than in ours, were discussed. We constituted ourselves strategists and tried to establish claims that our strategy would have ended those abominable horrors earlier. What made the talk valuable was that each man present possessed a thorough general understanding of the war and, in addition, an exceptional knowledge of some campaign, phase or feature. It seemed to me that they were all also exceptionally free from prejudice. They had lived so long with every problem that, however strong their opinions upon it, all the pros and cons were equally familiar to them and they had passed the stage at which it engendered heat. And then, it may have been at the stage of the ice-cream, or just after the plates had been cleared away, we found ourselves back in the midst of the American Civil War.

Virtually every American who has studied his country's history has a working knowledge of this prolonged and terrible struggle. Many are specialists in one or other of its phases; some are experts on the whole period. Few even of the European scholars who have studied it realise its full significance for the United States. This tragic conflict was the one event which grievously delayed and indeed set back the unexampled progress of the American people. The loss in life alone was a great disaster. The divisions which split the country until long afterwards were

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HISTORIANS IN SHIRT-SLEEVES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

no less calamitous. It was probably an unnecessary war, and it was assuredly unnecessarily prolonged. It was fought with great bitterness and at times with savagery—witness, for example, the treatment of Federal prisoners of war in the camps about Richmond and the devastation in the Shenandoah Valley and during Sherman's advance into the south. Yet, as a military drama, it possesses a peculiar fascination, which has always made an appeal to readers in our



"THE VICTOR OF THE WAR, THE FIRST MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO USE THE HUGE RESOURCES WHICH THE NORTH HAD PILED UP": GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT—A CAMPAIGN STUDIO PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MATTHEW BRADY AND DISCOVERED OVER A YEAR AGO IN THE LOFT OF AN OREGON, N.Y., BARN WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPERS OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD.

General Grant was born in Ohio in 1822, and in 1839 was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point. In 1845 his regiment joined the forces of General Taylor in Mexico, and he was transferred to General Scott's army in 1847, being promoted 1st Lieutenant for gallantry at Molino del Rey, and Captain for gallantry at Chapultepec. In 1854 he resigned his commission, but promptly responded to the "call to arms" in 1861. In 1862 he forced 15,000 Confederates to capitulate at Fort Donelson, and later at the battle of Shiloh he displayed considerable personal bravery and resolution. On July 4, 1863, the fortress of Vicksburg surrendered to him, and he was made a Major-General in the Regular Army. In November 1863 Grant inflicted a crushing defeat on the Confederates at Chattanooga. He was placed in supreme command of armies totalling over 1,000,000 men, and by a policy of attrition brought about the final surrender. In 1866 Grant was promoted to the newly-created rank of General, and two years later was nominated as the Republican Party's presidential candidate. He was elected by an overwhelming majority and later re-elected for a second term of office. In 1877, after the close of his presidency, General Grant started on a journey round the world, and returned home in September 1880. He died in 1885. This photograph, and that of General Sheridan, are reproduced by courtesy of Ansco Division, General Aniline and Film Corporation.



COMMANDER OF I. CORPS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, THROUGHOUT THE CIVIL WAR: LIEUT.-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET (1821-1904) OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, WHO WAS KNOWN AS "GENERAL LEE'S WAR-HORSE," AND TOOK PART IN THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN, FREDERICKSBURG AND CHICKAMAUGA, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG.



THE MOST ABLE CAVALRY LEADER ON THE UNION SIDE IN THE CIVIL WAR: GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN (1831-1888), WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOUR AND DEFEATED GENERAL EARLY AT WINCHESTER, AT FISHER'S MILL AND AT WAYNESBORO, AND FORCED LEE TO RETREAT TOWARD APPOMATTOX, WHERE HE SURRENDERED TO GRANT. SHERIDAN WAS GIVEN CHIEF COMMAND OF THE U.S. ARMY IN 1883 AND WAS LATER PROMOTED GENERAL.



A BRILLIANT CAVALRY COMMANDER ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE: MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES E. B. STUART (1833-1864), WHO FOUGHT AT THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN, FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE, AND IN THE CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG, AND WAS KILLED AT YELLOW TAVERN, WHERE PART OF HIS CAVALRY CORPS WAS DEFEATED BY SHERIDAN.

the First World War, I am not sure that they are as familiar to me as Lee, Jackson, Joseph Johnston, Grant and Sherman. The answer to the riddle is not, I think, a difficult one. The United States is not a military nation, though it is a great fighting nation, which emerges from its wars with almost monotonous regularity victorious. Despite the skill and care applied to the reconstruction of the minutest detail—down to the spot at which Jackson sat his horse as MacDowell's attack developed at the First Battle of Bull Run, or that at which Bee was killed—a great proportion of the attention paid to these figures is personal and emotional rather than military. The Southerners, who are the more emotional and who produced the more interesting soldiers, take the lead, but the process is general.

In the Civil War—I am ready to call it the War between the States alternatively, to show that I do not take sides—thoughtful Americans see the growing-pains, the cruel juvenile illnesses, of their nation. Figures like Lee and Sherman are enshrined in their memories. (I have passed Sherman's statue half-a-dozen times in the past week and seen the lovely house, like a classical temple, from which Lee looked down on the city before deciding to leave it and take up arms for the Confederacy. I stood yesterday beside Jackson's statue in the Manassas National Battlefield Park.) These men are symbolical of the struggle which rent the young nation in two. Partisanship still exists, but it has become very limited by comparison with what it was even when I was a young man. The Civil War has become the tragic drama of the United States, which has not lost its appeal even now that the nation has swum out into the wide world. The personages are seen as beings in the grip of a fate which was too strong for them, which overbore their resistance and drove them to battle with their own kith and kin. It is this emotion which has walked hand in hand with scholarship and summoned the warriors of North and South back to life.

A mundane scientific device has powerfully aided the process. Photography had passed its infancy at the outbreak of the Civil War. The Crimean War yielded a fair crop of photographs. But the Civil War produced them in vast quantities. Moreover, in countless cases in which the photographs have been lost or are not readily available, skilled engravers reproduced portraits, groups and scenes from them. A vast number of these appeared in the famous series of articles in the *Century Magazine*. This run I have never seen, but I have spent many hours poring over the equally famous volumes of "Battlefields and Leaders of the Civil War," which reproduces all the best of the articles with their illustrations. In many cases defensive positions, infantry earthworks and artillery epaulements have thus been recorded, so that there can remain no doubt about their situation to-day, and they can be pin-pointed on the map. The trenches in other instances remain, only a little shallower than when they were occupied. And here and there, particularly perhaps on the battlefield of Gettysburg, pious hands have marked every position, so that people who have never opened a book on the war can follow the course of the battle. In no country in the world has this been done to the same extent.

Then there is the factor of personal contact. The war was fought approximately ninety years ago. It is said that there are now only two survivors.

A third, well into his century of course, died in the early summer of this year. Yet great numbers of people under fifty years of age knew veterans of the war. One man, certainly my junior, told me the other day that as a boy in his late teens, he was taken over the battlefield of Fredericksburg by a group of men who had fought on both sides. Those contacts too must presently pass, but on the elder generation, at least in the east and south, they have left a deep impression. It is astonishing how many people to-day can tell one the marriage connections of prominent soldiers and who and where their descendants are now. I do not pretend that all this represents a universal cult or anything like it, but it certainly represents a widespread cult.

I find it rather saddening that this cult does not commonly include one great name, the victor of the war, the first man who knew how to use the huge resources which the North had piled up. Only among

a few professional students is there anything resembling a Grant cult, and they are not emotional people. Grant was far from being a picturesque figure, but this is not the reason for his neglect, assuredly not the sole reason. One element in it may be that, having become President of the United States, he made by common consent a poor hand of the business. But at this point I must bring my musings to an abrupt close. All unconsciously I have stumbled on to a dangerous topic. I will only say that I see no reason why Grant's career should be a bad omen—for anybody.

country, the only one in Europe where it has been thoroughly studied. There is no war in which we ourselves did not take part that we know so well.

What is the secret which makes the personalities of this war seem so much closer to us than those of any other? To me they are incomparably closer than those of the Napoleonic wars, with the exception of the Emperor himself—he stands alone—Masséna, Murat, Wellington, Moore and Blücher. And though I have seen with my own eyes Haig, Milne, Allenby, Byng, Rawlinson, Gough and many other leaders of





THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE OF AUSTRALIA: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM—CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF UNTIL OCTOBER 31—WITH LADY SLIM, AT THEIR SURREY HOME.

On September 3 it was announced from Buckingham Palace that the Queen, on the recommendation of H.M. Ministers in Australia, had been graciously pleased to approve the appointment of Field Marshal Sir William Slim as Governor-General of Australia, in succession to the Right Honourable Sir William McKell. This appointment marks a departure from the policy of appointing native-born Australians to this post, a policy which was inaugurated by Australian Labour Governments in the past. The Australian Press has welcomed the appointment and the announcement was received in the Australian House of Representatives with a chorus of approval. In the words of the Melbourne *Argus*: "... Sir William was not born to greatness, nor was it

thrust upon him. He achieved it by native intelligence, toughness and complete inability to realise when he was beaten. He has qualities which are deeply embedded in Australian tradition—independence, self-reliance and humorous cynicism about the pretensions of the stuffed shirt. We welcome him because he is so admirably the man for the job." Sir William Slim, who entered the Army in the 1914-18 War as a Territorial lance-corporal, has had a very distinguished military career, the peak of which was probably his command of the 14th Army in Burma and his defeat of the Japanese there. He was recalled from retirement in 1947 to become Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He is taking up his new duties in Australia early in 1953.





OFF TO MAKE THE SECOND ATTEMPT ON EVEREST: MEMBERS OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION BEFORE LEAVING GENEVA.

Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, leader of the expedition which is to make the second Swiss attempt on Mount Everest this year, arrived in Khatmandu on September 7. Our photograph shows members of the expedition leaving Geneva (l. to r.): Guides Gustav Gross and Raymond Lambert; the Alpinist Ernst Reiss; Dr. Chevalley (the leader); Guide Arthur Spoehel; and Alpinist Jean Buzio.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WEARING THE NATIONAL COSTUME OF GREENLAND: QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK WITH HER THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark were presented by the people of Greenland with national costumes for themselves and their children during their official visit to that country in July. Our photograph shows Queen Ingrid with her three daughters (l. to r.) Princess Anne-Marie (aged six); Princess Benedikte (aged eight) and Princess Margrethe (aged twelve) at Graasten Palace.



LORD MACMILLAN OF ABERGELDY.

Died on September 5, aged seventy-nine. Lord Macmillan, a distinguished lawyer, was Lord of Appeal in Ordinary 1930-39 and 1941-47, and Lord of Appeal from 1947. He was Minister of Information from 1939-40, and acted as chairman of Committees and Commissions on such varied subjects as lunacy, coal-mining, wool, street offences, banking and income-tax codification.

MRS. T. A. EMMET. One of the British delegation of five to attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations opening in New York on October 14. Mrs. Emmet, who is a widow, is a daughter of the late Lord Rennell of Rodd, Ambassador in Rome. She has taken an active part in public affairs for twenty-five years.

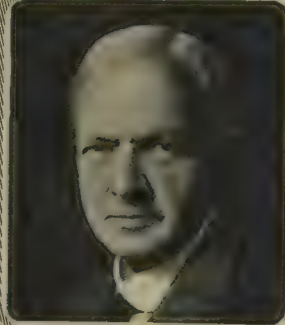


THE DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ITALIAN STATESMAN AND OPPONENT OF THE FASCIST RÉGIME: THE LATE COUNT CARLO SFORZA.

Died on September 4, within a month of his seventy-ninth birthday. Count Sforza was a high-minded and distinguished diplomat. He was Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs 1920-21, and Ambassador to France in 1922. He was opposed to the Fascist régime and remained in exile for fifteen years from 1926. In 1942 he became leader of the Free Italians, and was Minister Secretary of State 1944-46; and Minister of Foreign Affairs 1947-51. A well-known author, his books include "The Real Italians," "The Totalitarian War and After" and "European Dictatorships." (Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.)

SIR HUMPHREY MILFORD.

Died on September 6, aged seventy-five. He was publisher to the University of Oxford from 1913 until 1945; and President of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 1919-21. He was the chief editor of "The Oxford Book of Regency (now Romantic) Verse" and the prime mover in the "Oxford Dictionary of Quotations."



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

Died in New York on September 6, aged fifty-four. An actress of vitality, wit and style, she was equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic in light comedy, revue and cabaret. Born in London of Danish-Irish descent, she made her début as a child dancer at the age of nine. In 1930, Noël Coward wrote "Private Lives" especially for her. At the time of her death she was appearing in "The King and I."



SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH.

Died on September 7, aged fifty-five. He was chairman of West Country Publications, Limited, the Harmsworth Press and the Western Morning News, and the Western Times Company. He was the second son of the late Sir Leicester Harmsworth, Bt., and a nephew of Lord Northcliffe. Like his father, he was a connoisseur of art and of books.

MR. TOM O'BRIEN. Elected chairman of the General Council of the T.U.C. for the coming year. Mr. O'Brien, who is general secretary of the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees, is fifty-two and is Labour M.P. for Nottingham North-West. Until the recent election of Mr. A. L. N. D. Houghton he was the only M.P. on the General Council.



MR. JOHN DERRY.

Died on September 6 when piloting the DH 110 which crashed at the Farnborough Air Display. Mr. Derry, who was thirty, leaves a widow and two young daughters. He was a brilliant flyer, and, exactly four years before his death, succeeded in becoming the first British pilot to surpass the speed of sound in a shallow dive.



PROFESSOR ERNST HEINKEL.

A leading German aircraft designer whose machines played a prominent part in World War II. He was among the visitors to the Farnborough Flying Display and Exhibition. He was accompanied by his thirteen-year-old son. Our photograph shows Professor Heinkel using his camera.



LIEUT.-GEN. W. G. WYMAN.

Lieut.-General Willard G. Wyman of the U.S. Army, the newly-designated Commander of Allied Forces in South-Eastern Europe, arrived in Naples at the end of August for conferences at the N.A.T.O. H.Q. of Admiral Caney, before going on to his own H.Q. in Turkey.



MR. BUSTAMENTE.

The Jamaican Labour leader arrived in London on September 1, to head a delegation to the Ministry of Food, to discuss future marketing arrangements for Jamaican bananas, as the bulk purchase agreement on bananas is due to end in two years' time.



MISS A. PHILLIPS.

Miss A. Phillips, from Whitefield, Manchester, became the new Girls' Golf Champion on September 5, when she beat Miss S. Marbrook of Northampton, by 7 and 6 in the 18-holes final at Stoke Poges. Miss Phillips, who was runner-up in 1950 and a semi-finalist last year, played splendid golf in difficult conditions. She is seventeen years old.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.



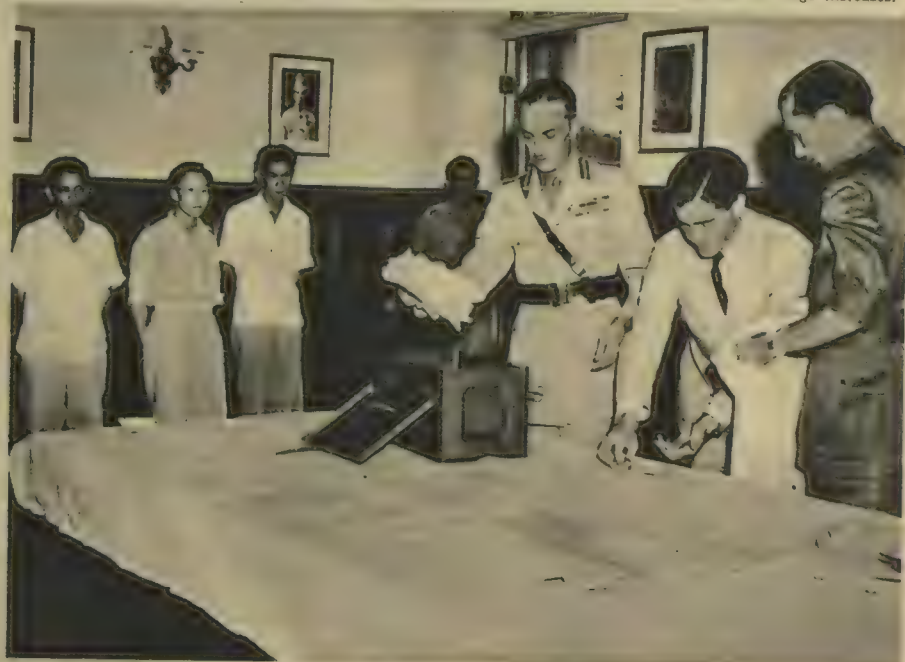
**MAKING HIS SPEECH IN WHICH HE DENOUNCED THE "MESS IN WASHINGTON": GENERAL EISENHOWER SPEAKING IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, ON SEPTEMBER 2.**  
On September 2 General Eisenhower started to redeem his promise to make a fighting campaign when he addressed a large crowd in Atlanta, the capital of Georgia. He said that the "Washington mess is not a one-agency mess or a one-bureau mess, or a one-department mess. It is a top-to-bottom mess."



**THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE OPENING SESSION AT MARGATE ON SEPTEMBER 1.**  
The annual Trades Union Congress was held at Margate from September 1 to September 5. Delegates to the T.U.C. approved by a majority of more than 6,000,000 votes a statement by the General Council on the economic situation which contained warnings about the consequences of substantial wage increases.



**FAREWELL TO BERLIN: GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING TAKING THE SALUTE AT A PARADE OF BRITISH TROOPS IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM.**  
General Sir John Harding, Commander-in-Chief British Army of the Rhine, paid his last visit to Berlin on September 3, before leaving Germany to become Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He reviewed a parade of British troops in the city and visited the British units at their barracks.



**SECURITY ACTION IN MALAYA: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER OPENING SEALED BOXES CONTAINING REPLIES TO QUESTIONNAIRES ABOUT TERRORIST ACTIVITIES.**  
Boxes containing the answers to questionnaires distributed to the inhabitants of three villages were opened in the presence of village headmen by General Sir Gerald Templer, on August 28, at Kuala Lumpur. The villagers were given the chance to tell secretly all they knew of terrorists in their areas.



**ABOYNE GAMES ON SEPTEMBER 3: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE HIGHLAND DANCING IN PROGRESS AT THIS ANNUAL EVENT.**  
Many of Scotland's best-known athletes and dancers took part in the sporting events at Aboyne Games on September 3. George Clark, of Grange, led the field in the heavy events, by taking four first prizes and one second. Outstanding in the dancing was J. L. McKenzie, of Aberdeen, who received the Paterson Challenge Cup for the competitor with most points. In the track events, three wins were recorded by a young Australian, G. Andrews, who won the 100 yards, 200 yards and 440 yards.



**THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE AT PRESENT IN USE BETWEEN YUGOSLAVIA AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD: THE NEW BRIDGE WHICH LINKS YUGOSLAVIA WITH AUSTRIA.**  
On September 6, Dr. Figl, the Austrian Federal Chancellor, opened a new bridge over the River Mur at Radkersburg, Styria, which at this point forms the frontier between Austria and Yugoslavia. The new bridge is a tripartite undertaking. One of its two centre abutments was erected by Yugoslav national enterprise, the other by a private contractor on behalf of the Austrian Government; the superstructure is a Bailey bridge erected by the British Government for an indefinite period.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN this country *Campanula isophylla* exists almost solely as a parlour plant. In fact, one might localise its distribution even more closely by saying that it is essentially

## COTTAGE CAMPANULA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and down, it immediately took hold and took heart. In little more than a year it spread into a vigorous clump more than a foot across, and all through August this year it has been a most lovely sight, a wide, thick mane of growth hanging to a length of almost 2 ft. and covered with a dense mass of big, wide-open, starry, saucer-shaped flowers of a most attractive luminous lavender-blue. The pity was that it could not be brought into the house for full enjoyment. However, it went far in beautifying one end of my

of *Campanula isophylla* as a wild plant. Let me quote:

"This strange and lovely species, like a loose cataract of *C. carpatica*, snowed over with the more exquisite flowers of *C. rainieri*, has only one dwelling-place in the world—in a few hundred yards of limy conglomerate cliff on the Capo di Noli, between Savona and Genoa, with the Mediterranean lapping at its feet, and the great expresses thundering hourly by to Rome. None



a cottage-window plant, for it is seldom to be found anywhere except spilling down the sides of a hanging pot in a cottage window. Here, too, it is decidedly choosy in the company that it keeps. Below, on the window-sill, you will find a "geranium" or two, a monkey-tail cactus cascading a truss of pendant tails from its pot, and a partridge-breasted aloe, very smart and alert in its striped uniform of paler and darker green. These three are the cottage campanula's most usual companions, but there may be others, such as Maiden's Wreath, *Francoa ramosa*, the cobweb house-leek, or a cyclamen.

*Campanula isophylla* suffers from a vague general reputation of being not quite hardy. With that handicap it probably started domestic life in this country in English gardens as a cold or cool greenhouse plant, and from that drifted to its present cottage status, for which it is eminently suited.

The plant, however, is not, in my experience, as tender as is popularly supposed. In nature it is a cliff-dweller, and as a cliff, or wall, or crevice plant it should be grown in the garden. In the meagre diet and the perfect drainage of a well-devised or well-chosen rock-or wall-crevice it is reasonably winter-safe, and it is well worth experimenting with it in such positions. Here it will trail down a sunny perpendicular face of stone as it is accustomed to trail on its native cliffs, and so look at home, and happy, and really pleasing. There appear to be

several distinct forms of *Campanula isophylla*. The commonest are the white and the blue-flowered (no more true blue than any other campanula). There is a form with variegated leaves called *C. isophylla mayi* and, perhaps, most beautiful of all is a form with leaves and stems clothed in soft, silky grey down, and with flowers of a delightful lavender-blue. This form is sometimes called—quite incorrectly—"C. mollis," a name which belongs to another and quite distinct species of campanula. A few years ago I was given a specimen of this grey, woolly-leaved form of *C. isophylla*, which lived, but did no good, in a smallish pot in the alpine house. Eventually I planted it out in conditions which have pleased it enormously. In my unheated greenhouse, which is a sort of workshop in which I hybridise and experiment with many odd plants, there is a small, rocky bed built upon a foundation of slates laid upon the staging. I planted my *C. isophylla* at the very front edge of this little bed, and there, with nothing to prevent it from cascading forward



THE COTTAGE CAMPANULA—*CAMPANULA ISOPHYLLA*, IN THE VARIETY CALLED *HIRSUTA* OR *VELUTINA*—CASCADING OVER THE STAGING OF MR. ELLIOTT'S "WORKSHOP-GREENHOUSE" "A THICK MANE OF GROWTH HANGING TO A LENGTH OF ALMOST 2 FT. AND COVERED WITH A DENSE MASS OF BIG, WIDE-OPEN, STARRY, SAUCER-SHAPED FLOWERS OF A MOST ATTRACTIVE LUMINOUS LAVENDER-BLUE . . . WITH LEAVES AND STEMS CLOTHED IN SOFT, SILKY GREY DOWN."

Photograph by Peter Pritchard.

workshop-greenhouse, which could never be mistaken for a beauty parlour, though many unquestioned beauties (not only floral ones) come and go there, and, anyway, the performance has been more satisfactory than the plant's former existence—bare existence—in a small pot. The success, too, has put ideas into my head for future methods of cultivating this grand campanula.

In Reginald Farrer's "English Rock Garden" there is a romantic and most picturesque description

say, the piece of misinformation about *C. isophylla* and the Capo di Noli without investigating, and it took the Second World War to teach me better. My son was doing R.A.F. radar, and somehow or other I had learned that he was in the neighbourhood of Naples. Then in a letter he mentioned that from the train he had seen quantities of *Campanula isophylla* in full flower. Remembering Farrer's Capo di Noli and the great expresses thundering hourly by to Rome, I was puzzled. Had my son transferred

from radar to Commandos and made a dramatic landing, far north of where I supposed him to be, and gone thundering by the Capo with its campanula, in one of Farrer's hourly expresses? I wrote to a friend who had access to the necessary botanical works, and asked him to look up and verify the distribution of *Campanula isophylla*. And thus I learned that the plant is found in many parts of Italy, north and south, east and west. But I feel sure that Farrer is right as to the hardness of *isophylla*, and without doubt his Yorkshire home, at Clapham, must be one of the wettest and coldest places in the country.

### "AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

N.B.—Four-page Coloured Supplement included here.





**THE BEARDED BULL OF SUMERIA—4700 YEARS OLD: ONE OF THE LARGEST AND FINEST COPPER SCULPTURES EVER TO BE FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA, REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.**

This magnificent bearded bull's head, one of the largest known—its actual extreme height is 9½ ins.—has been recently acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, U.S.A., and is indeed the first gift to that museum by the newly-formed "Friends of the City Art Museum of St. Louis." It dates most probably from about 2800 B.C., and is cast in copper, since at that time tin (and consequently the alloy, bronze) was unknown in Sumeria. Copper casting is more difficult than working in bronze, and the mastery and artistry shown in this head are evidence of the highly-developed skills of the pre-Bronze Age culture. The eyes, both restored, are of lapis lazuli set in shell and held in place with bitumen. The copper itself, through centuries of burial, has been

converted into various copper salts. The deep fissures which appear in this colour photograph have been recently filled in to strengthen this miraculously preserved yet fragile object. In the back of the head is a depression 2 ins. square by 4 ins. deep, by which the head would be linked by means of a dowel to a body made of wood or clay and covered with sheets of copper. The beard of the bull is shown as being attached by a cord to the muzzle and was regarded as a hieratic attribute; the beard, in fact, as Legrain has said, "transforming the bull into a legendary animal," one fit to stand in majesty before a temple or palace and to play its part in that ancient priestly culture of the Mesopotamian birthplace of civilisation.

*Reproduced from a colour photograph by courtesy of the City Art Museum of St. Louis.*





THE OFFICERS OF ARMS OF THE HERALDS' COLLEGE: BLUEMANTLE, MR. J. A. FRERE; WINDSOR HERALD, MR. R. P. GRAHAM-VIVIAN; RICHMOND HERALD, MR. A. R. WAGNER; YORK HERALD, MR. A. J. TOPPIN; CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, MR. ARTHUR S. COCHRANE; GARTER KING OF ARMS, THE HON. SIR GEORGE BELLEVILLE; THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK; PORTCULLIS, THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR; NORROY AND ULSTER KING OF ARMS, SIR GERALD WOLLASTON; ROUGE CROIX, MR. J. R. BROMHEAD WALKER; AND SOMERSET HERALD, MAJOR M. R. TRAFFES-LOMAX. (L. TO R.)



FOUR OF THE SIX HERALDS: RICHMOND, MR. ANTHONY R. WAGNER; LANCASTER, MR. A. G. BLONFIELD RUSSELL; C.V.O.; CHESTER, MR. J. D. HEATON-ARMSTRONG; M.V.O.; AND WINDSOR, MR. R. P. GRAHAM-VIVIAN, M.C. (L. TO R.)

THE Earl Marshal of England, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., is the official on whom lies the responsibility of arranging and organising the great ceremonial of State of which the Coronation is the most solemn and sacred. For months before the date which a Sovereign fixes for the Coronation, the Earl Marshal is occupied with preparations and decisions in connection with the ceremony. Not only has the Court of Claims to adjudicate claims put forward in connection with the Coronation, but such details as the allocation of stations and seats within the Abbey have to be settled. The officers of the Heralds' College exercise the powers vested by the Crown in the Earl Marshal. The College is a corporation of thirteen members, three Kings of Arms, Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy and Ulster; six Heralds, Lancaster, Chester, York, (Continued above, right.)



CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, SIR ARTHUR WILLIAM STEUART COCHRANE. THE COLLEGE OF HERALDS CONSISTS OF THIRTEEN OFFICERS, OF WHOM THREE ARE KINGS OF ARMS.



CROIX ROUGE PURSUIVANT, MR. JOHN RIDDELL BROMHEAD WALKER, M.C., WITH SOMERSET HERALD, MAJOR M. R. TRAFFES-LOMAX, AND YORK HERALD, MR. AUBREY JOHN TOPPIN M.V.O. (L. TO R.). THE EARL MARSHAL AND THE ENTIRE COLLEGE OF ARMS WALK IN CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

(Continued) the Earl Marshal. The Earl Marshal and the entire College of Arms walk in the Coronation Procession by virtue of their status. The Earl Marshal is assisted by Garter, the principal King of Arms, in organising and marshalling the Procession. He is responsible for guiding, but not for performing the ceremonial, and is usually placed next to the Lord Great Chamberlain. The picturesque splendour of the tabards worn by the officers of the Heralds' College is only seen on State occasions. For

(Continued.) Richmond, Windsor and Somerset; and four Pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Bluemantle, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon. All these are members of the Royal Household, appointed by the Crown, by Letters Patent under the Great Seal on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England. The history of the Heralds as members of the Household goes back to the thirteenth century, but they were not constituted into a corporation until 1484; and the present incorporation dates from 1555. As explained in "The Records and Collections of the College of Arms," by Anthony Richard Wagner, Richmond Herald, certain functions are vested in the corporation or Chapter of the College, others in the Kings of Arms, others in all the officers individually, and certain supervisory functions in (Continued below.)



THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G., HEAD OF THE HERALDS' COLLEGE, WHOSE DUTIES INCLUDE THE GREAT TASK OF MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL OF MONARCHS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

instance, when a Sovereign is proclaimed, these officers in their regalia perform the ceremony at St. James's Palace, Charing Cross, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange. The College of Heralds acquired "Derby House," on the site of the present College Building in Queen Victoria Street from Queen Mary I. The building now in use was rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1666, and happily withstood the enemy attacks on London in World War II.



BLUEMANTLE PURSUIVANT, MR. JAMES ARNOLD FRERE; CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, SIR ARTHUR COCHRANE; ROUGE DRAGON PURSUIVANT, MR. ROBIN MIERLEES; AND PORTCULLIS PURSUIVANT, THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR. THERE ARE THREE KINGS OF ARMS—GARTER, CLARENCEUX, AND NORROY AND ULSTER—AND FOUR PURSUIVANTS AMONG THE OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, WHO ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

PARTICIPANTS IN THE CORONATION CEREMONY: OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, HEADED BY THE EARL MARSHAL, IN THE TABARDS WHICH RECALL THE MEDIAEVAL ORIGIN OF THEIR FUNCTIONS.

Photographs in colour by A. C. K. Ware, Ltd.





AN EARLY AUTUMN BOUQUET: "FLOWER STUDY", BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1902).

HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE, the celebrated French flower-painter, was much attracted by the rich colours of dahlias and made several studies of them, one of which is in the Melbourne Art Gallery, while the picture we reproduce is in Canada, in the Laing Galleries, Toronto. Dahlias in full flower announce the coming of autumn, and their crimson, red, yellow and purple blooms, which modern horticulturists have succeeded in developing in innumerable ways—from the huge decorative to the tiny cactus and "Coltness" types—lend brilliance to the borders until their death warns us of the imminence of winter; for the first frosts wither them. This is a sad moment for many, but not for the fox-hunting fraternity, who welcome the end of summer, and are ready to join in the cry of joy recorded by Surtees in "Handley Cross": "Hurrah! it is a frost! The dahlias are all dead."

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Laing Galleries, Toronto, Canada.*



# THE QUEEN AT BRAEMAR: A RECORD ATTENDANCE AT THE FAMOUS HIGHLAND GATHERING.

ON Sept. 4, a record crowd, estimated at about 40,000, gathered in the Princess Royal Park at Braemar to give a rousing welcome to the Queen on her first attendance as Sovereign at the Braemar Gathering; and the tiny village was crowded with visitors, many from overseas, from dawn to the small hours of the following day. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the latter in Highland dress, drove over to the Gathering in the afternoon and stayed for about an

*(Continued below.)*



THE QUEEN AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL PAVILION, WITH (L. TO R.) LORD CARNEGIE, MRS. FARQUHARSON, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, H.M. THE QUEEN, LORD ABERDEEN, THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT.



A RECORD BRAEMAR GATHERING: A PANORAMA SHOWING THE PARK WITH THE GAMES IN PROGRESS AND THE HUGE CROWD OF ABOUT 40,000 WHICH WITNESSED THEM. THE QUEEN WAS PRESENT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF IN THE AFTERNOON.



ATTEMPTING AGAIN THE GIANT BRAEMAR CABER, WHICH ONLY HE HAS EVER MASTERED: MR. GEORGE CLARK, WHO WON THREE OF THE "HEAVY" EVENTS, INCLUDING THE CABER.



THE MOST STIRRING MOMENT OF THE GAMES: THE CREAM OF SCOTLAND'S PIPERS SWING INTO THE ARENA TO "THE 79TH'S FAREWELL TO GIBRALTAR."

*Continued.]* hour and a half. The young Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael of Kent also attended. The Queen and the Duke were welcomed by the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The massed pipe bands, who were described as the cream of Scotland's pipers, gave an unforgettable display, and when the Queen left, gave her a rousing send-off to the tune of "Hielan' Laddie." The "heavy" events, which are so peculiarly a feature of Highland Gatherings, were shared by George Clark and J. McClellan. George Clark, after winning the caber, attempted the giant Braemar caber, which only he has ever conquered. On this occasion, however, the bad conditions caused by a heavy shower of rain proved too much for him and, after three attempts, he gave up.



## CURIOSITIES AND INVENTIONS: SIDELIGHTS ON THIS MODERN WORLD.



MR. HANGER, OF THE WISLEY GARDENS, WITH "AIR-LAYERED" SHRUBS, ON WHICH HE LECTURED AT THE THIRTEENTH INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL CONGRESS.



"AIR-LAYERING" A RHODODENDRON: THE STEM IS INCISED AND DAMP SPHAGNUM IS BOUND ON WITH TRANSPARENT PLASTIC FILM.



CHECKING AN ACCOUNT ON A MICRO-FILM READER AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK: AN OFFICIAL DEMONSTRATING A NEW SPACE-SAVING METHOD OF STORING CLOSED ACCOUNTS.



A NEW TEXAS SIZE RECORD: MR. A. C. GLASSELL WITH HIS CATCH, A 1090-LB. BLACK MARLIN, IN PERU. Mr. Alfred C. Glassell, of Houston, Texas, recently caught this 1090-lb. Black Marlin off Cabo Blanco, Peru. He previously held the record for the heaviest Black Marlin catch and is now, once again, the record-holder. The Lone Star State is, of course, well known for its "biggest and best" stories, but Mr. Glassell has a photograph to prove his claim.



A FEATURE OF THE PALACE OF WELLS, SOMERSET: ONE OF THE SWANS ON THE MOAT RINGING FOR FOOD.

For centuries the Bishops of Bath and Wells have had the privilege of keeping swans on the moat round the Palace. These swans have learned to ring a bell at a window of the Palace gatehouse when they want food and they may be seen doing this at about 4 p.m. every afternoon. Our photograph shows one of the swans, accompanied by two ducks, ringing for its tea.



LANDED ON A NYLON LINE AFTER BEING HARPOONED AND PLAYED FOR 7½ HOURS: A MONSTER DEVIL-FISH. When competing in the Newport Harbour, California, Deep-sea Derby, Mr. Gail Humphrys, of Balboa (left), harpooned this devil-fish, measuring 14 ft. from wing-tip to wing-tip. During the 7½ hours fight to land the monster seventy-five rounds of .45 revolver ammunition were fired at it with no apparent effect, but it was eventually hauled in.



RELAXING AMIDST THE EXCITEMENTS OF THE PRESTON GUILD CELEBRATIONS: A GIRL ON ONE OF THE FLOATS IN THE TRADE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS. The girl seen in this photograph had a restful time during a trade procession through the streets during the recent Preston Guild celebrations, for all she had to do was to lie in a bed which was placed on a float. Her appearance caused much amusement to the spectators.



BLACK SWANS FOR MR. CHURCHILL: THREE OF THE FOUR BIRDS SEEN ON ARRIVAL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS, WHERE THEY WERE LANDED FROM THE LINER PINJARRA. Mr. Ross McLarty, Premier of Western Australia, has sent two pairs of black swans to Mr. Winston Churchill to replace those which were killed by a fox. A further pair of swans are being given to Mr. Churchill by Mr. W. S. Robinson, of Western Australia, and are expected to arrive in London soon.



# BUILDING A HOUSE IN EIGHT HOURS: A BRITISH FIRM'S EXPORT ACHIEVEMENT.



ERECTING A HOUSE IN EIGHT HOURS: MR. DAVID ECCLES, MINISTER OF WORKS, BLOWS THE STARTING WHISTLE AT 8 A.M. AND THE TEN-MAN TEAM MOVES INTO ACTION.



ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES LATER: THE WALLS ARE UP AND THE LAST ROOF MEMBERS ARE BEING SET IN POSITION. A COMPLETED PROTOTYPE CAN BE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.



TWO HOURS FROM THE START: THE WALLS AND ROOF MEMBERS ARE COMPLETE AND AWAIT THE ROOF ITSELF. IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, A SILENT COMMENT ON MODERN BUILDING.



AT FIVE PAST TWELVE—FOUR HOURS FROM THE START, MR. DAVID ECCLES POINTS WITH SATISFACTION TO THE PROGRESS MADE.



AT 4.10 P.M.—EIGHT HOURS TEN MINUTES AFTER THE START AND FIFTY MINUTES AHEAD OF SCHEDULE—THE HOUSE IS COMPLETED AND MR. ECCLES CONGRATULATES MR. OLIVER, THE MANAGING FOREMAN.

ON September 4, at Lincoln, Mr. David Eccles, the Minister of Works, was present throughout the erection of a wooden house in eight hours ten minutes by a team of ten men. The house, a timber-built, three-bedroom dwelling, with fibre-glass insulation and special storm windows, was one of twenty-eight ordered by Canada and specially designed for the Government model town of Ajax, near Toronto, and for Gander, Newfoundland. The houses have been designed by Mr. James Riley and have been constructed in factory-built units by Messrs. H. Newsum, Sons and Co., of Lincoln. These houses are crated in sets of eight and are for export only. Our photograph shows stages in the building, which started, to a whistle-blast by Mr. Eccles, at 8 a.m. and finished fifty minutes ahead of schedule at 4.10 p.m. It was built alongside a furnished prototype, which Mr. Eccles also



INSIDE THE DINING-ROOM OF A HOUSE OF THE TYPE ERECTED IN EIGHT HOURS: MR. DAVID ECCLES WITH MRS. H. NEWSUM, THE WIFE OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE MANUFACTURING FIRM, H. NEWSUM, SONS AND CO., LINCOLN.

inspected. At the Lincoln factory, Mr. Eccles said that houses, hospitals, schools and telephone exchanges would be factory-built and that the factor of one-day assembly was of the greatest importance.



## BRITAIN AND THE COMMONWEALTH, AND OCCASIONS ROYAL AND MARITIME.



FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION, "HISTORIC ESSEX IN PICTURES": THE VIEW FROM HUMPHREY REPTON'S COTTAGE, HARE STREET, ROMFORD, BEFORE HE HAD SEIZED THE TRIANGULAR VILLAGE GREEN FOR HIS GARDEN. . . .

"Historic Essex in Pictures," an exhibition organised by the Essex Record Office, consists of paintings, drawings, engravings and photographs of the Essex countryside as it was in the past, selected to illustrate various themes and including many items of rarity and beauty. It was first shown in May, when it was



. . . AND THE SAME SCENE, AFTER THE "IMPROVEMENT." THIS ENCLOSURE TOOK PLACE BETWEEN 1777 AND 1807. THE LONDON-CHELMSFORD ROAD IS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH. REPTON WAS ONE OF THE GREAT 18TH-CENTURY LANDSCAPE GARDENERS.

so greatly appreciated that it has been decided to arrange a second showing; and it was to reopen on September 8 as the first public function in the newly-painted and gilded County Room, Shire Hall, Chelmsford. The Exhibition continues open until September 20.



THE NEW ZEALAND CRUISER, H.M.N.Z.S. *BELLONA*, AT PORTSMOUTH, WHICH SHE VISITED BEFORE LEAVING TO TAKE PART IN THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "MAINBRACE."

On September 6 the New Zealand cruiser *Bellona* (5900 tons) arrived at Portsmouth, before taking part in the N.A.T.O. exercise "Mainbrace." The High Commissioner for New Zealand visited the ship and saw a demonstration of tribal dances by fourteen Maori members of the crew.



THE NEW NORWEGIAN MAIL-BOAT *LEDA* ENTERS THE WATERS OF THE TYNE AT WALLSEND, AFTER BEING LAUNCHED BY PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY ON SEPTEMBER 3.

On September 3 Princess Astrid of Norway, accompanied by her father, Crown Prince Olav, and her sister Princess Ragnhild, visited Wallsend to launch the new mail-boat which has been built for the Bergen Line by Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham, Ltd. The ship will carry 503 passengers at a speed of 22 knots.



AN EXPRESSION OF JAMAICA'S SYMPATHY FOR THE NORTH DEVON FLOOD VICTIMS: MR. BUSTAMENTE, THE JAMAICAN LABOUR LEADER, PRESENTING GIFTS OF SUGAR, BANANAS AND COFFEE AT DULVERTON. The people of Jamaica, remembering their own losses by hurricane in 1951, sent practical help to the flood victims of North Devon in the form of 10 tons of bananas, 10 tons of sugar and 1 ton of coffee. Some of this was personally presented by Mr. Bustamente, at present in this country for trade discussions.



BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S PISTOL AS A PRESENT FOR BONNY PRINCE CHARLES: A JACOBITE RELIC WHICH HAS BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM NEW ZEALAND IN H.M.N.Z.S. *BELLONA*. A pistol given to Prince Charles Edward by Flora Macdonald during his escape, was taken many years ago to New Zealand by a Scots settler. It recently came into the possession of Mrs. Galbraith, of Auckland, who has sent it to England as a present for the Prince Charles of to-day.



# THE SEQUENCE OF AN AMAZING RACING DISASTER: A UNIQUE CAMERA RECORD.



THE BEGINNING OF A FANTASTIC RACING-CAR DISASTER: THE CENTRE CAR SKIDS INTO THE TRACK OF CAR 37, WHICH WAS JUST ABOUT TO OVERTAKE IT AT HIGH SPEED.



CAR 37 (DRIVEN BY J. RIGSBY), AFTER COLLIDING, LEAPS FROM THE TRACK AND LANDS ON ONE WHEEL: FROM THIS POINT IT BOUNDED INTO THE AIR . . .



. . . HERE CAR 37, AFTER STRIKING THE BARRIER, IS SEEN RISING INTO THE AIR TO A HEIGHT OF 20 FT. IT THEN BEGAN TO SPIN, AS SHOWN, RIGHT . . .

On August 31 the various stages of a spectacular racing crash were recorded by camera in a remarkable series of photographs, of which we show four above. During racing on the Dayton Speedway at Dayton, in Ohio, U.S.A., a car (No. 37) driven by Mr. J. Rigsby was about to overtake at high speed a car driven by Mr. G. Force, when the latter began to skid in front of it. Car 37 collided with the other car and leapt into the air, landing on one wheel. Thence it struck the



. . . AFTER BOUNCING UP TO 20 FT. IN HEIGHT, CAR 37 BEGAN TO SPIN, AND AFTER TRAVELLING 200 FT. THROUGH THE AIR, CRASHED IN FLAMES IN A CABBAGE FIELD.

speedway barrier and sprang into the air to the height of 20 ft. It continued this flight through the air, turning over in its course, for about 200 ft., after which it fell in flames. The driver, Mr. J. Rigsby, of Lennox, California, was killed. The series of photographs was taken by a spectator, Mr. Carl Yeager, an amateur photographer, who was 200 ft. from the scene and took the sequence with a motor-driven Leica camera at 1/500th of a second with a telephoto lens.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## IN FESTIVAL TERMS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WITH regret we left Edinburgh-in-festival, the Castle Rock shouldering into the sunlight, the clamouring tramcars in Princes Street, and the high peace of George Street immediately behind, a bookshop's packed corners in the Old Town, a summer night by the yellow sands of the Firth, the flurry and skirmish (and the passages of deep tranquillity) that now mark Edinburgh in late August.

As the train pulled out of Waverley Station we said good-bye for another year. At the end of the day we reached a London that seemed to have become a Scottish annexe. We had met "The River Line" at the Lyceum, Edinburgh; now it was due at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Emlyn Williams in "Bleak House," also from the Lyceum: another familiar, announced here for the West End, at the Ambassadors. Out in Sloane Square, at the Royal Court, a southern festival had its word to say. "The Comedy of Errors," which had begun its Edwardian revival life at Canterbury, was already prepared to woo London in festival terms.

It was pleasant to meet all three, two from north, one from south. I hope that Edinburgh will soon send "The Player King," Christopher Hassall's chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, largely in verse, which has had a sour-sweet reception. One troubled critic said (rather oddly, I think, if he will reflect a little) that the play was full of "Golden Treasury" clichés. I have heard, too, the mystical expression, "stock response." But I can speak only as I found; and I found "The Player King" (except for weaknesses in its second act) to be a spirited, lucid, and often richly-phrased chronicle: the tale of that strange adventurer of whom Lord Alfred Douglas wrote in a ballad sixty years ago:

At Turney in Flanders I was born  
Fore-doomed to splendour and sorrow,  
For I was a king when they cut the corn,  
And they strangle me to-morrow.

I will not say more here except to recall the forthright attack of Tony Britton, the cutting drive of Cathleen Nesbitt (in a part too small), and the cold-chisel voice of Noel Howlett as Henry the Seventh, a character written and acted with an uncanny sense of veracity. Unluckily, for a play at the Edinburgh Festival, it was the second and Scottish act that let the piece down. If Mr. Hassall reconsiders this he has a chronicle that I shall be eager to hear again.

But our subject now must be the Festival productions that have reached London. The more remarkable is not a play in the accepted manner: it is a "dramatic reading" of "Bleak House" by Emlyn Williams, which means that Dickens himself is at his reading-desk, the red geranium in his button-hole, the forked beard in fret, the eyes dark and searching, the voice able to summon an entire company, from Jo the crossing-sweeper to Lady Dedlock of Chesney Wold.

Emlyn Williams has found now a path that he can walk, if he wishes, to the end of his theatrical career. Certainly these Dickens recitals ought to be safe for the record. There is nothing in them of the lachrymose moaning, the heavily-thudding comedy of the old monologue-men. I suffered under several of these in my youth. But with Emlyn Williams, each new character (there are thirty-five) rouses the true tingle of recognition. In "Bleak House," where he contrives to digest an entire novel (and to omit its last 200 pages or so), he has to make the plot clear, and maybe we have too much of the Dedlocks. I would have preferred more time with, say, Skimpole or Chadband. Still, to have wandered would have been to lose the impact of "Bleak House" as a story: Mr. Williams seeks to honour Dickens the story-teller as well as Dickens the man of a thousand-and-one characters.

In remembrance, of course, the characters win. I cannot recite to you now, in detail, the Dedlock-Tulkinghorn business; but I can hear in the mind the unctuous, buttery-oily chunnering of Chadband, the gentle cough of Snagsby, the squeezed voice of Turveydrop, the reverent guidance of Bayham Badger, the

cockney quaver of Jo, the hatpin prodding of Mrs. Pardiggle, the conscious whimsicality of Skimpole, the brazen assurance of Guppy. Some people have to go: the Smallweeds, for example, do not appear; we miss the Bagnets; we have very little of Skimpole; Mr. Williams has wisely cut most of Esther and of Mr. Jarndyce. But it is a subtly-built, perfectly-voiced performance from the moment that the actor,

behind the reading-desk, summons us to the implacable November weather, the fog and mud of London, to the moment when he chooses to close with the fierce stroke at the end of Chapter XLVIII.: "For Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore; and the Roman pointed at the murderous hand uplifted against his life, and pointed helplessly at him from night to morning, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart."

I think that Emlyn Williams, at the Ambassadors, will take the heart of London as he took Edinburgh's. He has extraordinary stillness and poise. He acts, for the most part, with his voice: no player's voice that I remember has been called upon for so protean a performance as this. It is not merely a matter of reeling off lengths of Dickens and letting the audience do the rest. Any man can try to summon spirits from the vasty deep. When Emlyn Williams calls,

they come. This is acting.

The second Edinburgh production, "The River Line," now at Hammersmith, is written with all Charles Morgan's fastidious care. That is very much; but I feel that Mr. Morgan has overcharged the play. To those who have read it beforehand, it is no doubt amply clear. But its metaphysical niceties are not always immediately evident in the theatre; and Mr. Morgan must not wonder if the average listener is inclined to heed most the sharp drama of the second act (a magnificent piece of direct writing), and to be a little suspicious of the intensely-argued abstractions elsewhere in the evening.

The "river line" is the "underground" along which Allied soldiers were conveyed, like parcels, through Occupied France towards the Spanish frontier. During the second act, in a granary near Toulouse, we see how one of the men using the line, an English major, is stabbed suddenly to death by one of his comrades, on suspicion of being a German agent. During the first and third acts—set three years later in a Gloucestershire garden—the two men and a woman who were concerned in the death find the responsibility heavy upon their consciences. The most troubled, an American, learns that the dead man—known now to have been a loyal comrade—was the half-brother of the girl he loves. Mr. Morgan uses this moral predicament to discuss the problem of responsibility, and to acclaim the gift of "interior grace": he writes with all his civilised imagination, if with intermittent dramatic force. Everything stands by the second act and by the playing throughout of Paul Scofield, Pamela Brown, and others in a fine cast, but especially of Mr. Scofield as a man in mental agony.

Last, a play from the other Festival. I cannot say that I have ever felt the need to think of Ephesus in "The Comedy of Errors" in Edwardian terms; but two producers within a year have assured me that I should. So I will say only of the Group Theatre revival at the Court that it provides in Ernest Milton's witty Solinus (with fez on one side, and all his orders resplendent) such a Duke as Ephesus has never known before, and in Cecil Winter's Ægeon a man who turns to nonsense the accepted academic assumption that the first long speech is a bore. The two styles of acting may not fuse: it is agreeable now to watch them side-by-side.



"CHARLES MORGAN MIXES EXCITEMENT WITH METAPHYSICAL SPECULATION IN A DRAMA OF THE WAR THAT HAS A REMARKABLE SECOND ACT": "THE RIVER LINE," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING THE SCENE AT THE END OF ACT II, WITH HERON (JOHN WESTBROOK) LYING DEAD AND MARIE CHASSAIGNE (PAMELA BROWN) TAKING A LAST LOOK AT HIM. THE SCENE IS SET IN A GRANARY OF A HOUSE AT BLAISE NEAR TOULOUSE.



TWO OF THE PEOPLE CONCERNED IN THE DEATH OF HERON FIND THE RESPONSIBILITY HEAVY UPON THEIR CONSCIENCES: MARIE (PAMELA BROWN) AND PHILIP STURGESS (PAUL SCOFIELD) IN ACT III. OF "THE RIVER LINE." MR. TREWIN SAYS: "EVERYTHING STANDS BY THE SECOND ACT AND BY THE PLAYING THROUGHOUT OF PAUL SCOFIELD, PAMELA BROWN, AND OTHERS IN A FINE CAST, BUT ESPECIALLY OF MR. SCOFIELD AS A MAN IN MENTAL AGONY."



"THE MOST ASTONISHING ONE-MAN PERFORMANCE OF HIS DAY": EMLYN WILLIAMS AS CHARLES DICKENS IN "BLEAK HOUSE," AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE. MR. WILLIAMS HAS CONDENSED THE BOOK TO FIT IT FOR A 2½-HOURS PERFORMANCE, DURING WHICH HE NARRATES THE STORY AND PORTRAYS THIRTY-FIVE CHARACTERS.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE RIVER LINE" (Lyceum, Edinburgh, and Lyric, Hammersmith).—Charles Morgan mixes excitement with metaphysical speculation in a drama of the war that has a remarkable second act. (Edinburgh, August 18; Hammersmith, September 2.)  
"THE HIGHLAND FAIR" (Assembly Hall, Edinburgh).—A re-furbished Scottish ballad-opera of 1731 that does not take kindly to exhumation. (August 18.)  
"BLEAK HOUSE" (Lyceum, Edinburgh; Ambassadors, London).—Emlyn Williams as Dickens in the most astonishing one-man performance of his day. (Edinburgh, August 21; Ambassadors, September 3.)  
"AFFAIRS OF STATE" (Cambridge, London).—Wilfrid Hyde White's drawing, hooded charm and Joyce Redman's gay caprice decorate this acceptable comedy of Americans by a Frenchman (Louis Verneuil) with an all-British cast. (August 21.)  
"THE PLAYER KING" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Christopher Hassall, in the traditional measures of romantic verse drama, creates a Perkin Warbeck play that should have its hour in London. (August 26.)  
"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS" (Royal Court).—The tangled Shakespearean farce in an Edwardian-style production that does not harm it, and that has one extremely amusing performance by Ernest Milton. (August 27.)  
"BELLS OF ST. MARTIN'S" (St. Martin's).—A passable, intimate revue, lacking any special personality in the cast or material. (August 29.)  
BOB HOPE (Palladium).—The American comedian talks like Niagara, and, as an entertainment, is funnier. (September 1.)



# THE LUNTS RETURN TO LONDON: "QUADRILLE," A ROMANTIC COMEDY.



A SCENE FROM ACT I. OF "QUADRILLE," A ROMANTIC COMEDY BY NOËL COWARD: THE MARQUIS OF HERONDEN (GRIFFITH JONES) AND MRS. AXEL DIENSEN (MARIAN SPENCER) ELOPE TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.



IN A SCENE FROM "QUADRILLE": ALFRED LUNT AS AXEL DIENSEN, AN AMERICAN RAILROAD KING, WITH LYNN FONTANNE, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF SERENA (MARCHIONESS OF HERONDEN).



"PERHAPS I AM BEGINNING TO REALISE THAT IT IS A FOOL'S PARADISE": CHARLOTTE (MARIAN SPENCER) BEGINS TO HAVE DOUBTS DURING HER ELOPEMENT WITH THE MARQUIS OF HERONDEN.



AFTER THE ELOPEMENT: THE MARCHIONESS OF HERONDEN (LYNN FONTANNE) IS URGED TO READ HER HUSBAND'S LETTER BY LADY HARRIETT RIPLEY (JOYCE CAREY), HER GOSSIPING FRIEND.



A SCENE FROM ACT III.: LADY HARRIETT RIPLEY (JOYCE CAREY) TAKES TEA WITH SERENA (LYNN FONTANNE) AND THE MARQUIS OF HERONDEN (GRIFFITH JONES) AT HERONDEN HOUSE, BELGRAVE SQUARE.



AT HERONDEN HOUSE, BELGRAVE SQUARE: SERENA, WITH LADY HARRIETT RIPLEY, IS ABOUT TO FIND HER HUSBAND'S LETTER TELLING HER THAT HE HAS ELOPED WITH MRS. DIENSEN.



"IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE BLOW": AXEL DIENSEN (ALFRED LUNT) EXPRESSES HIS SYMPATHY TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HERONDEN (LYNN FONTANNE) AFTER SHE LEARNS OF THE ELOPEMENT.



"EACH OF US LEADING HOME IN TRIUMPH A WHIMPERING HOSTAGE! . . . I DO NOT THINK I CAN FACE THE HUMILIATION": SERENA DISAPPROVES OF AXEL DIENSEN'S PLAN TO SEPARATE THE ELOPING COUPLE.



"GOOD MORNING, MR. DIENSEN": A SCENE FROM ACT II., SHOWING SERENA (LYNN FONTANNE) WITH AXEL DIENSEN (ALFRED LUNT), WHOSE WIFE HAS ELOPED WITH THE MARQUIS OF HERONDEN.

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne were due to make their sixth appearance in London in "Quadrille," a romantic comedy specially written for them by Mr. Noël Coward and with scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton, the first performance of which was arranged for September 12 at the Phoenix Theatre. It is eight years since they were last seen on the London stage. The plot revolves round four people, as the title suggests. The Marquis of Heronden (Griffith Jones) elopes with the wife of an

*(Continued opposite.)*

*Continued.*  
American railroad king (Marian Spencer) and they are pursued by the Marchioness (Lynn Fontanne) and Axel Diensen (Alfred Lunt), the husband, who are determined to save the situation. Their object achieved, they discover that they have fallen in love, and the play ends, as it begins, with an eloping couple—this time the Marchioness and Axel Diensen. The action of the play takes place in the station buffet at Boulogne in 1873, in Heronden House, and at the Villa Zodiaque.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### HORNBILLS, IVORY AND PREEN-OIL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT seems as if an extravagance of form is usually linked with an extravagance in behaviour. That is to say, the two are linked in so far as they are present in the same animal, though the freak of form and the trick of behaviour may not necessarily be correlated. The hornbills of tropical Asia furnish a case in point. Together with the two species of African ground hornbills, they number about sixty species, and the majority are conspicuous on account



SCARCELY FOUND AS A PET OR IN CAPTIVITY, LARGELY BECAUSE IT CONSUMES SO MUCH FRUIT THAT IT IS HARD TO SUPPORT AND BECAUSE ONE BLOW OF ITS BEAK "WOULD PROBABLY BE FATAL TO A MAN": A RHINOCEROS HORNBILL, WHOSE BEAK HAS A CASQUE WHICH CURVES BACKWARDS WITH FINE FLOURISH, IN SCARLET, ORANGE AND LEMON COLOURS. THE CASQUE IS HOLLOW AND CANNOT BE WORKED.

Photograph by Mr. T. Harrison, Curator of the Sarawak Museum.

of the fantastically large and ornamented bill. Otherwise, there is little in their general appearance to catch the attention, except perhaps the large size of some of them. A few are about the size of a pigeon, but the majority are not less than 2 ft. in length, and the great pied hornbill is over 4 ft. The plumage is mainly black and white; the tails are moderately long, and may, as in the helmeted hornbills, be spectacularly long. Harrison has described how: "Two or three will fly about 500 ft. up, their immense wings making more sound than any swan, their spectacular tail-feathers, seemingly unsupported, streaming far behind. Wherever it occurs it is an easy bird to see. It is still easier to hear: that repeated, accelerating 'tok' rates along with the long, whistling call of the Argus Pheasant and the wild, gay laughter of the Gibbon as loudest noises of the Borneo jungle."

The beak of the hornbill is deceptive, for it is by no means as heavy as it would appear from its size. Whether its ridge is raised in heavy corrugations or in the variously shaped casques, the underlying skeleton of both bill and ornament has a spongy appearance, being formed of a delicate network of bone, often ivory-like in hardness. Nobody seems able to assign a purpose to this remarkable headwear. With the usual perversity of things biological, we find that in the African ground hornbills, which live on the open plains, hunting reptiles, even snakes, the bill is less obviously massive, and efficient as a hammer, than in the better-known species, which range through southern Asia and Indonesia to the Solomon Islands, live in the tropical forests, and feed mainly on fruit and berries, with occasionally small mammals and birds added. On the other hand, this heavy beak may be effective as a weapon. And this may be the reason why the larger species, such as the helmeted and the Rhinoceros hornbill, are never seen in zoos, because one blow of the beak "would probably be fatal to a man."

As remarkable as the large ornamented beak are the nesting habits of the hornbills. The nest is made in a hollow in a tree-trunk, and at the beginning of the period of incubation the male bird imprisons the female in the nesting-chamber by plastering the entrance with clay, leaving no more than a slit through which he can pass her food. This is not given her in its natural state, but is regurgitated, enclosed in a bag formed by the lining of his stomach, which must be renewed before he can feed her again. Pycraft states that by the time the female emerges with her offspring, "the male is worn to a mere skeleton and sometimes dies from exhaustion." On the other hand, the female's lot seems to be equally unenviable, for by the end of the incubation period, the nests are filthy and the female wasted and dirty. Moreover, during her imprisonment, she undergoes her moult, and the combination of cramped and unhygienic conditions coupled with the moult leaves her barely able to fly when she first emerges.

Whatever else this quasi-suicidal breeding behaviour may achieve, it has led to the exploitation of the birds by man, and has resulted in the establishment of, at one time, a flourishing industry and a fair export trade from Sarawak. Mr. Tom Harrison, Government Ethnologist and Curator of the Sarawak Museum, has kindly sent me a copy of No. 3 (New Series), Volume 5, of the "Sarawak Museum Journal," in which he and Dr. Cammann, of the University Museum, Philadelphia, contribute articles on this aspect of the hornbill's history. "The nomadic Punans who spend their whole lives in the foothill belts of virgin jungle... locate a nest hole and watch it until ready, then blowpipe the male as it comes to feed the female, fell the tree (usually from a rough platform 10 ft. or so up the bole, where it is less thick) to take the female and young. This provides a good feed as well as one small (female) and one large casque, and with luck at least one of the prized tail feathers."

The feathers are used as head-dresses and to decorate cloaks used in ceremonial dances; the casques were carved for use as ear-ornaments and for toggles for belts and swords. These elaborately carved ornaments represent to-day a dying industry in Borneo, and in neighbouring Sumatra, where sword-hilts and scabbards were made for native use, the industry is extinct, as well as in Java, Malacca and Tenasserim. For 500 years, however, hornbill casques were exported from Borneo, by way of the Chinese junk traffic, to be worked upon by Chinese craftsmen. One result of this is that the helmeted hornbill has



RANGING FROM INDIA TO SUMATRA, WHERE IT KEEPS TO LARGE FOREST TREES: THE GREAT INDIAN HORNBILL, WHICH HAS A TOTAL LENGTH OF 52 INS., PIED PLUMAGE AND A BILL AND CASQUE COLOURED FROM YELLOW TO ORANGE TIPPED WITH A VIVID RED. IN FLIGHT IT MAKES A LOUD DRONING NOISE WITH ITS FEATHERS THAT CAN BE HEARD A MILE AWAY. In addition to the main peculiarities of hornbills, such as the heavy bill, the nesting behaviour and so on, there are minor peculiarities. The edges of the mandibles of the beak are irregularly serrated, there are well-developed eyelashes, and the birds have the trick of throwing food into the air and catching it before eating it.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

been hunted out of some of its former localities. It may well be that other species suffered under this persecution and, in addition to suffering a reduction in numbers, became less approachable or retreated to more inaccessible habitats. At all events, there is reason to believe that the native carving was formerly more widespread in the south-west Asian region and that it is of great antiquity. Its export to China may also go back earlier than the fourteenth century, but the first records of its use belong to the Ming Dynasty.

Structurally, hornbill ivory is neither horn, bone nor ivory proper, although it resembles the last-named more especially in its hardness and density. Its colour is, however, unique. The main part is a soft, golden yellow, becoming reddish at the sides and top of the casque, where it comes into contact with a brittle outer sheath of vivid red. The Chinese name for hornbill ivory, *ho-ting*, appears to be derived from the Malayan word for both hornbill casques and elephant ivory, *gading*, and although the two words are spelt differently in the English transcriptions,



A BIRD OF THE DRY DECIDUOUS FORESTS OF INDIA WHICH MOVES ABOUT IN FLOCKS OF ABOUT HALF-A-DOZEN FEEDING ON FRUIT, AND CONSPICUOUS FOR ITS NOISY FLIGHT AND RAUCOUS CACKLING: THE MALABAR PIED HORNBILL, WHOSE PLUMAGE IS BLACK AND WHITE, CASQUE AND BILL YELLOW WITH BLACK AT THE BASE, AND WITH BLUISH-GRAY PATCHES AROUND THE EYE.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

their pronunciations in their respective tongues, Mandarin Chinese and Malayan, are almost identical. But while the Chinese traders had adopted the Malayan name, the Chinese literati at home were misled by the characters in which it was written. For *ho* had been taken the character for the crane, and for *ting* the character for head or crest. By this means, the early European traders to China knew hornbill ivory as crane's crest.

The name *ho-ting* seems, however, to have been used more particularly for the red outer sheathing, which was highly prized for facing the hoop-belts of high officials and courtiers. This acquired a high value, a single piece being worth as much as half-an-ounce of precious coral beads, a fifth-of-an-ounce of rare seed pearls, and a great deal more than 2 lb. of elephant ivory. It is apparent from the Ming writings that this high value led to attempts to counterfeit it. And this brings me back to the reason why Tom Harrison sent me the copy of the "Sarawak Museum Journal." On April 19 last, on this page, I discussed the use of the preen-gland in birds. As Harrison has pointed out in his article in the Journal referred to, the colours of the beak of the hornbill fade rapidly after death. The Borneo peoples knew how to prevent this. When the bird is dead, they take the head. "With that also there is another thing—near the base of its tail on top, and it holds a sort of oil" (i.e., the preen-gland). When this is warmed, the oil from it is thoroughly rubbed on the beak, which is then put out into the sun to dry. After that the beak remains red. Not only does this treatment preserve the colour, but it extends it, a matter of some importance in view of the high value placed on the vivid red portions by the Chinese merchants. This unexpected use of preen-oil, and its quite remarkable effect, does nothing to lessen the mystery of the function of the preen-gland. It does reveal, on the other hand, a quite unexpected potency in the oil itself.



# GUARD BEES IN ACTION—AT THE 97TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE R.P.S.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR A POSSIBLE INTRUDER: AN EXCITED GUARD BEE AT THE HIVE ENTRANCE; ONE OF A REMARKABLE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. G. BUTLER.



"CREATURES THAT BY A RULE IN NATURE TEACH THE ART OF ORDER TO A PEOPLED KINGDOM": BEES—THE GUARD EXAMINES AN INTRUDER.



ACCEPTING A BRIBE FROM THE PRISONER: A GUARD TAKING FOOD FROM THE INTRUDER WHILST SHE IS BEING MAULED BY ANOTHER GUARD BEE.



"SO WORK THE HONEY-BEES": TONGUE-STROPPING BY THE FRUSTRATED INTRUDER WHILST BEING MAULED BY THE GUARD BEES.



THE TRESPASSER IS REMOVED BY THE GUARD BEES: THE INTRUDER, ENTIRELY PASSIVE, BUT UNHURT, BEING CARRIED FROM THE HIVE ENTRANCE.

The remarkable series of photographs on this page are from the Royal Photographic Society's ninety-seventh Annual Exhibition, which the American Ambassador, Mr. W. S. Gifford, arranged to open on September 11, in the Society's House at 16, Prince's Gate, S.W.7. This exhibition, which ranks as the world's premier photographic exhibition, will remain open to the public without charge from September 12 until October 12, inclusive, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. (Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; Sundays, 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.). The exhibition will

close at 6 p.m. on Tuesdays, so that the miniature colour transparencies can be projected, with commentary, at 7 p.m. The duties of the guard bee, posted at the hive entrance, are recorded in this series of photographs by C. G. Butler, A.R.P.S., which are exhibited in the Nature Photography Section, and entitled "Bees in Action—Behaviour at Hive Entrance." As well as the pictorial photography section, there are excellent examples of scientific, medical, nature, stereoscopic and record photography, in monochrome and colour.



## AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION: PEACE ON EARTH—PORTRAYED BY THE CAMERA.



A RETREAT CHAPEL IN AN OLD TITHE BARN IN KENT: "THE BARN CHAPEL, WEST MALLING ABBEY"; BY H. C. STACY, F.R.P.S.

One of the most striking photographs in the Pictorial Photography section of the Royal Photographic Society's annual exhibition is the one we reproduce on this page of the Barn Chapel at West Malling Abbey, in Kent. This chapel has been built in the old tithe barn and is used for retreats. West Malling Abbey, originally a Benedictine nunnery, was founded in 1090 on the site of a foundation of

King Edmund in 944. For some years now the Abbey has been occupied by nuns of an Anglican community. The Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition is to be seen in the City Art Gallery at Leeds from October 25 until November 23; from thence it will go to Bristol, where Lord Methuen has arranged to open it in the Art Gallery on December 6, where it will be on view until December 31.



## AT THE R.P.S.: THE CAMERA REVEALS MYSTERY BENEATH THE EARTH.



MASTER CAVE IN FLOODS—LANCASTER HOLE, CASTERTON FELL, WESTMORLAND ; BY J. BENJAMIN, F.R.P.S.

Lancaster Hole, in Casterton Fell, on the border of Westmorland and Yorkshire, is the subject of an arresting photograph in the Scientific Photography Section of the R.P.S. Exhibition. This natural cavity extending under the hills has a grand and picturesque appearance which has been faithfully portrayed by the photographer. The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain celebrates its

centenary next year. There have been only two occasions when its annual exhibition has not been held—in 1862, when the Government held a Great Exhibition, and in 1866, when the Council of that day seems to have been uncertain about the number of visitors likely to be attracted. The exhibition was continued annually in London during the two world wars.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AN OUT-OF-FASHION SUBJECT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of famous courtesans from Yoshiwara, the licensed district of Yedo, who are equally dull and, prejudiced as we are, singularly unattractive. But beyond all these, which require a deep understanding of the old Japanese way of life to be properly appreciated, are

the word popular art, easily understood by the illiterate man in the street, with subjects taken from everyday life, and far removed from the ancient tradition of dreamy, poetic sentiment which was the exclusive preserve of earlier painters.

I IMAGINE that few of us fail to be beguiled by Mr. James Thurber, whose inventions have so sad a Transatlantic pungency and whose men and women go through life with so puzzled an air of hopelessness. I don't know where he learnt to draw, though I suspect that J. Thurber's most inspiring master was Thurber, J.; nor do I really care! Enough for me to enjoy that firm, vivacious line which expresses so much with so little. If his rather dim-witted humans—or subhumans—and their goings-on seem to be rather too near real people and ordinary behaviour for comfort, I would advise the earnest student to concentrate upon his animals, dogs especially, but not forgetting seals, whose dogginess and sealiness are summed up by a fluid stroke or two, from which nothing can be taken away, because there would be nothing left. A talent such as this, whether natural or acquired, may be small when compared with the manifold accomplishments of the classic draughtsman, but it is rare and exquisite and has been given to few.

Now just as—so we are told—there were great men before Agamemnon, it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Thurber had an ancestor or two, and I think I have found one of them, the Japanese Harunobu, who, in the print illustrated in Fig. 1, has anticipated a Thurber dog by a couple of centuries, and has indicated the character of the creature by a similarly eloquent and simple line—and if you imagine this is easy, take a piece of paper and try it for yourself. Unless your name is James Thurber, you will make a



FIG. 1. A JAPANESE ANTICIPATION OF A THURBER CREATURE: "A COURTESAN WATCHING HER MAIDS MAKE A SNOW-DOG"; BY HARUNOBU (c. 1725-1770).

In this print by the Japanese artist Harunobu, Frank Davis sees an anticipation of the Thurber dog, and points out that the character of the creature is indicated by a line as simple and as eloquent as that of the American humorous artist.

numerous others—indeed, hundreds, if not thousands—which have an immediate appeal because of their direct approach to landscape, their beautiful simplicity, and the intimate way in which the designers interpret birds, fish, flowers, waves,

with its atmospheric effects, gives one the impression that Hiroshige is translating a river scene by—who shall we suggest?—Van Goyen?—into the Japanese language. He was the last of the really original print-designers. After his death, modern methods and modern haste destroyed a tradition which had lasted two centuries: Aniline dyes replaced the subtlety of the old colours, and no one had time to take pains. Three individuals combined to produce the final print. First, the designer, who apparently never either engraved or printed his own work. Then the wood-block cutter, working direct from the original design. Thirdly, the printer, using carefully prepared paper—tough, fibrous and absorbent—made from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry tree.



FIG. 2. "THE GREAT WAVE"; BY HOKUSAI (1760-1849).

This famous print, "a masterpiece of its kind comparable in dramatic power with anything produced in Western art at any period," is strangely reminiscent of some of Leonardo da Vinci's fantastic drawings of storm and water.

terrible hash of it. However, all this is by the way—I have no intention of embarking upon a learned thesis about the possible origins of Thurberism, but merely want to point out that however bright and modern we are, others were bright and modern before us.

What I really want to talk about is a subject which I find at once intriguing and difficult—the Japanese print, which not so long ago was exceedingly popular in the West, and is now very much out of fashion and a poor man's plaything—which is more than can be said for a great many prints and other objects which have nothing like its artistic quality. There are, of course, a few enthusiasts, though I am told they are very few, and certainly Japanese prints, though there must be thousands in existence in these islands, turn up in the auction rooms at rare intervals only. I have said the subject is a difficult one for the European, first because, if you really mean to delve deeply into it, you must learn at least to read Japanese characters—a rather formidable undertaking unless you have ample leisure—and secondly because our Western eyes become rapidly bored by print after print of elaborately dressed women who, to us, look extraordinarily alike. These figure subjects are mainly of either well-known actors grimacing in parts which would be familiar to their contemporaries, but not of course to us, or

rocks and a thousand-and-one other natural objects.

With a little imagination and an acquaintance with what was popular art in Europe after the opening-up of Japan to trade with the West in the 1860's, it is easy to visualise the extraordinary impression Japanese prints, so broadly designed and with so unaccustomed a viewpoint, made upon our great-grandfathers. These prints were in every sense of



FIG. 3. "SEBA BY SUMMER MOONLIGHT"; BY HIROSHIGE (1797-1858).

"Hiroshige is certainly less 'Japanese' than the others; his perspective, for example, is decidedly similar to that of any seventeenth-century Dutchman," writes Frank Davis, who considers that the print we reproduce "gives the impression that Hiroshige is translating a river scene by—who shall we suggest?—Van Goyen?—into the Japanese language."

Illustration reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown copyright reserved.)



THE TWAIN MEET AT THE  
R.P.S. EXHIBITION:  
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE  
EAST AND THE WEST.

(RIGHT.) "LOWERING THE SAIL"—A STRIKING  
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY FROM THE EAST BY TEOH  
SIEW-SEIONG, OF MALAYA.



THE Royal Photographic Society's annual exhibition is recognised as the premier photographic exhibition, embracing as it does all types of photographs from all over the world. The photographs which we reproduce on this page come from the Pictorial Photography Section, which comprises some 150 monochrome prints. Over 5000 entries were received for the exhibition, of which 849 have been accepted. There are ten sections for which photographs were chosen by thirty-eight selectors who worked voluntarily. The purpose of the exhibition is to show work which provides a fair cross-section of contemporary photography. It has been arranged to transfer the whole of the exhibition to Leeds after the London display, where H.R.H. the Princess Royal has arranged to open it in the City Art Gallery on Saturday, October 25.

(BELOW.) "VENETIAN BYWAY"—A HAUNTING  
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY FROM THE WEST BY H. A.  
MURCH, F.R.P.S.





## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE jacket of a novel tends to be good reading, in a variety of ways. But rather sadly and perversely, though in strict accordance with the nature of things, its fascinations are invisible till one has read the book. Then they come out, like messages in secret ink. And we may even prove to have been offered—in distinguished instances, and special terms—a hint of the Achilles heel. "Hemlock and After," by Angus Wilson (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), struck me as a case in point. It is presented as a work "whose surface brilliance never obscures its power and originality."

This may of course be true; the weakness may be in my own perceptions. But it defines just what, if anything, will put one out. Briefly, the novel has two faces. It is packed with brilliance, of the most scarifying kind. Yet at the same time, or alternately, it has a solemn gloom, the stamp of a profound, exalted, even saintly, "criticism of life." To be as crude as possible—one moment it is shooting everybody full of poisoned darts, the next it has sat down to wring its hands, with noble, quietist ejaculations of "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Of course this is a parody of the effect. But one may doubt if the amalgam really comes off.

I doubted it myself, and on the deeper theme I may be superficial. However: Bernard Sands is a great writer getting on in years. He takes no stand upon his fame, but clings to youth, distrusts authority in any form, and preaches an anarchic humanism. Family ties have let him down; his wife has sunk into a limbo of neurotic dread, his son is a careerist snob, his daughter a "bright bore." Even his sister Isobel, though they are much attached, is being cut off from him by Party spirit. But he has full amends elsewhere. Like Socrates, he is a guide of youth—in fact, he started as a schoolmaster. Since then he has "diverged from sexual orthodoxy," but he remains a mentor through and through. Indeed his triumph over Vardon Hall, newly endowed as an asylum for young writers, might stand as an enlargement of his private influence.

And yet of late a sense of evil has crept over him. There are external causes and to spare: the desolation of his home, the snobbish neighbourhood, the harpies of his new life, and the egregious, outsize Mrs. Curry, with her "family of love." But it is none of these: it is conviction of sin. What strikes him down in full career is an awareness of his black heart. This mortal stroke leads to his apotheosis.

Meanwhile, a bad time has been had by all. Partly, they flay themselves; the rosy, cosy Mrs. Curry, for example, and the "picaresque" and drunken Bill, have a most devastating patter. Indeed, the talk is nearly always masterly, when it is not high-toned. Social as well as individual accents are superbly rendered, indeed the group effects are the more brilliant. But all this, with exhorting comment, takes a lot of room. And so the deeper issues get compressed—and when they raise their voice, it has a curiously stilted sound.

"The Struggles of Albert Woods," by William Cooper (Cape; 12s. 6d.), provides a wonderfully cheerful contrast. And yet, what Mr. Wilson could have made of it! Snobbery, *arrivisme* and humbug are its chief concern, colleagues are always doing each other down, and the supreme achievement of the hero is a poison gas, of hitherto unknown destructiveness. Yet there is not a spark of indignation in the whole book. This writer takes men as they are, treats them with fond derision and enjoys them warmly.

The plot, if one can call it so, is very slender. Albert, a bouncing little Midlander with a Napoleon complex, chose his career at school: he always meant to be a great scientist. The first big hurdle is his call to Oxford. There he is taken up by F. H. Dibdin, the reader in experimental chemistry, and after that his progress is assured. Not that F.H. can be described as guiding it. Rather the other way; his practice is to gush ideas in an incessant stream, so as to be told which ones include "the element of reason." While as for personal reliability, he is at once a quack and a snake in the grass. All his young men are constantly being diddled and enraged, but they are rather fond of him. Albert becomes his son-in-law—for Mrs. Dibdin is a lord's daughter. The marriage is extremely happy, and the double-crossing never leaves off.

There is a good deal about Albert's loves, his social aspirations, his inflatability, and his "mad-headed" fits—all nice enough, and sometimes very funny; but the life of science is the great charm. And Mr. Cooper is a most engaging showman.

Then, if you want a more heroic view of human nature, you cannot possibly do better than "Dangerous Trade," by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). This is a little epic of the Japanese war, fictional in its course, but founded on the closest knowledge of the submarine service.

After three weeks at sea, and just two days in port, the *Gauntlet* has been sent out on a fresh patrol around the Andaman Islands. Targets at that stage of the war are small and few. So when a vessel does appear, and the torpedoes miss it, the captain orders a surface chase. The enemy is armed, and hits the *Gauntlet* on the water-line. And after that—incredibly, from day to day—it is a sitting, semi-shattered and defenceless target for the Japanese air force. The story is magnificent. And it is well and genially told; there is abundance of straightforward information, and the gallant actors are all alive.

"Murder by Proxy," by Helen Nielsen (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), opens with a new-made bankrupt drinking his last dollar in a Chicago super-bar. A mink-clad vision, with "taffy" hair and eyes of purple smoke, comes up and offers him a job. Casey is too far gone to concentrate—but it would seem he is being hired to marry her. . . . And then he wakes up on an unknown doorstep, with a hangerover, and the reward in cash. And the first paper he sets his eyes on is displaying her photograph, under the headline, "Murdered Financier, Missing Girl."

So Casey has to turn detective, for his very life. Who did the deed soon becomes pretty clear—but how should he regard the purple-eyed one? Is she a fiend, a psychopath, or a mere frightened child? At first the note is of laconic slickness. But this shades off, into a well-built and exciting story.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE GARDEN; AND ITS INHABITANTS.

WHEN I read the title of "Gardenage; or the Plants of Ninursaga," by Geoffrey Grigson (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 21s.), my first reaction was that it was likely to turn out to be a herbalist's version of one of Mr. Stephen Potter's books on games. There is, indeed, something of Mr. Potter's approach to his subject in Mr. Grigson's book. It is unusual, out of the way, even a little malicious. Ninursaga, according to the ancient Sumerians, was the Queen of the Gods, "the active principle in birth and fertility, in the continual renewal of vegetation, the growth of crops, the increase of flocks, the perpetuation of the human race." Mr. Grigson evidently prefers her and her rites to the modern Church of England, where a "sapless cleric emerges from his decaying parsonage behind the nettles and prays now and then for rain or the cessation of rain."

Ninursaga was a lively and fecund lady and, as Mr. Grigson pertinently remarks: "A religion which may do for a Civil Servant who took his degree at Christ-Church and lives in Hampstead Garden Suburb, does not do for the pursuits of fertility." So Mr. Grigson, under the patronage of this ancient, vigorous and somewhat formidable Near-Eastern female, sets out to produce this learned, delightful and unorthodox book about gardening. This is not a book for the unadventurous suburban gardener who is prepared to go no further in range and quality, though he may attempt greater quantity, than the nearly identical herbaceous border of his neighbour. He ranges the world for out-of-the-way plants; he studies the "toxicological garden" and informs us that four drops of extract of lily-of-the-valley will suffice to kill a dog in ten minutes if injected into the blood-stream and, with Ch. Cornevin, the author of "Des Plantes Vénéneuses," he can tell you the precisely deadly effects on livestock of corncockle seed, laburnum, hemlock, water dropwort, yew, oleander, meadow saffron, rhododendron and caper spurge. Woad, which most of us, with the relics of a Latin education still clinging to us, will recall from Caesar's "De Bello Gallico," was used by the Ancient Britons to stain themselves blue and look more frightening on the battlefield, becomes in Mr. Grigson's hands a garden-plant, and a very lovely one it sounds and smells. Some readers may remember the delightful Kipling story (which I can never read without laughing out loud) of a group of distinguished gentlemen who, by placing fruit on the leaves of a "monkey-puzzle" and borrowing a monkey, attempted to prove or disprove the theory that monkeys would be defeated by its spiny foliage, and the appalling complications which ensued. Mr. Grigson tells the true story of the origin of the name "monkey-puzzle." Apparently in 1834 a Cornish baronet bought a tree for £25 and planted it in his garden. His guests stood around while it was being planted. One of them, the Parliamentary lawyer, Charles Austin, who died the same year, pricked himself on the leaves, and exclaimed: "It would be a puzzle to a monkey"; and that is how the "monkey-puzzle" got its name. Mr. Grigson's book is so packed with good things and curious things that I can do no more than recommend anyone with the slightest interest in gardening to purchase it at once.

Reading "The Spider's Web," by Theodore H. Savory (Warne; 12s. 6d.), I could not help thinking of "the lonely people" who, in Mr. Belloc's poem, "keep a frog (and by the way they are extremely rare)." Mr. Savory is, I understand, one of the leading authorities on spiders in this country, and approaches a subject which he renders fascinating to the general reader with all the expert pugnacity towards the few other authorities, male and female (for one of them is a Polish lady), which is normally reserved for anthropologists, Horatian commentators and the like. This is the time of the year when the dew on the spider's web makes a morning glory of the grass and of the hedgerows. Having read Mr. Savory's book I shall look at the common, or "orb," web (as I have learnt to call it) through new eyes, seeking to detect the "bridge-thread" and the "alarm-thread" which brings the spider from its hiding-place into action. I am now aware that there are more than 40,000 known species of spiders, "a number which is more striking when it is compared with 6,000 mites, 2000 harvestmen and 800 false-scorpions" (I demand of myself, as the French say, what a "false-scorpion" may be?). I know that the spider thus has proved itself the most prolific and diverse creature in the world, and that its web is the only trap, save one, built by any animal. Its fine silk, I am also informed, is so light that a thread long enough to go round the world would weigh less than 6 ozs.; and that Reaumur discovered as early as 1710 that to produce a pound of silk "27,000 spiders would be needed and would have to be kept and fed separately because of their cannibal nature"—so Messrs. Courtaulds need, on the whole, fear little commercial competition from the Arachnida.

For the entomologist there is another book this week, "British Pyralid and Plume Moths," by Bryan P. Beirne, F.R.E.S. (Warne; 21s.). In the days when I was a lepidopterist or, as Mr. Churchill calls it, a "bug-hunter," I fear I had little interest in the Pyraloidea. Although they are on the whole the largest of the micro-lepidoptera, they were too small for the clumsy fingers of youth and too numerous (there are 200 species in the British Isles) for its patience. This book is therefore a book for specialists, and specialists in, on the whole, a little-known branch of entomology. I can well believe, however, that with its wealth of data, its excellent drawings and coloured photographs, it will be eagerly sought after by those who have British pyralid and plume moths nearest their hearts.

Mr. Eric Hardy, that well-known authority, provides excellent fare for the beginner in that fascinating and rewarding pastime which unites Prime Ministers and Field Marshals with city clerks and typists—bird-watching—in "The Bird Lover's Week-End Book" (Seeley Service; 15s.). He takes as his text G. K. Chesterton's remark: "To let no bird fly past unnoticed, to spell patiently the stones and the weeds, to have the mind a storehouse of sunsets, requires a discipline in pleasure and an education in gratitude." The book is a most interesting one and admirably fulfils the tasks the author sets for himself. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two remarkable finishes from the British Championship which illustrate the wondrous diversity of chess.

TAYLER.



WISE.

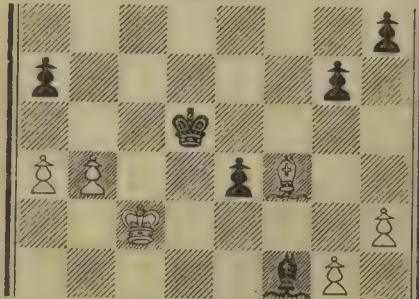
Play continued 28. Kt-K6, B×Kt; 29. P×B.

White deliberately invites the ensuing combination, perceiving that when the smoke of battle clears, this little pawn will saunter to the queening square with Black's remaining pieces mere passive spectators.

29. . . . P-R5; 30. Kt-Q4, Kt-Kt5ch; 31. K-R1. 31. P×Kt? P×P double check would lose. 31. . . . Kt×B; 32. Q×Kt, R×P; 33. R×R, R×R; 34. Kt×P! R×Q; 35. Kt×Q, K×Kt; 36. P-K7! Black resigns.

Compare that explosive brilliance with the patient, hair-splitting accuracy of this:

AITKEN.



MORRY.

48. K-Q2? K-B5; 49. B-Q6, B-Q5; 50. K-K2, B-B6; 51. P-Kt5, P×P; 52. P×P, B-Q5; 53. B-B4, K×P; 54. B-Kt8, K-B5; 55. B-B4, K-Q4; 56. B-Kt8, K-K3; 57. B-B7, K-B4; 58. B-R2, P-R4; 59. B-Kt8, P-Kt4; 60. B-R2, B-K4; 61. B-Kt1, B-Kt6; 62. B-R7, P-Kt5; 63. P×Pch, K×P; 64. K-K3, K-B4; 65. B-Kt6, B-B5ch; 66. K-B2, K-Kt5; 67. B-Q8, P-K6ch; 68. K-K2, K-Kt6; 69. K-B1.

Or 69. B-Kt6, K×P; 70. B×P, B×B; 71. K×B, P-R5, and this last pawn queens.

69. . . . P-R5; 70. B-K7, P-R6! 71. P×P, K-B6; 72. B-Kt4, B-R7!

Threatening 73. . . . P-K7ch; 74. K-K1, B-Kt6ch; 75. K-Q2, P-K8(Q)ch, etc.

73. K-K1, P-K7; 74. K-Q2, K-B7; 75. K-Q3. Of course, if White can give up the bishop for the pawn, he will draw.

75. . . . B-Q3! 76. B-B3, B-K2; 77. B-R5, K-B8; 78. B-B3, B-R5; 79. B-Kt4, B-K8; 80. B-K7, B-R4; 81. B-R4, B-Kt3.

White resigns—he is helpless against the threat of 82. . . . B-B7.





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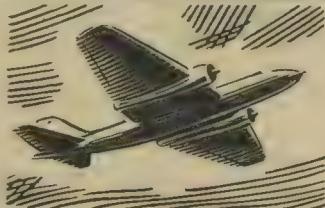
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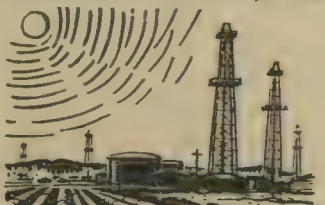
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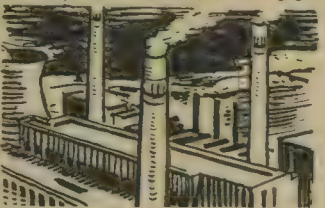
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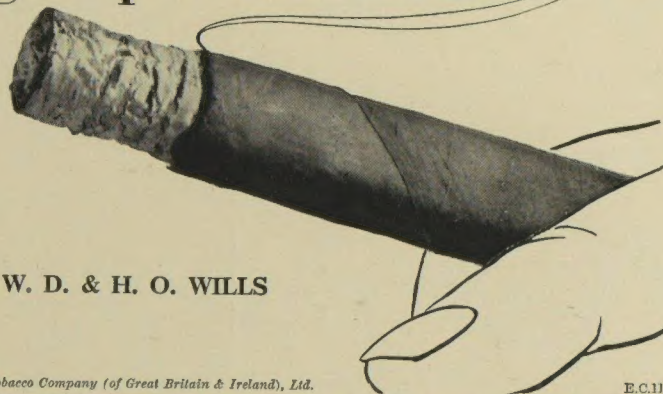
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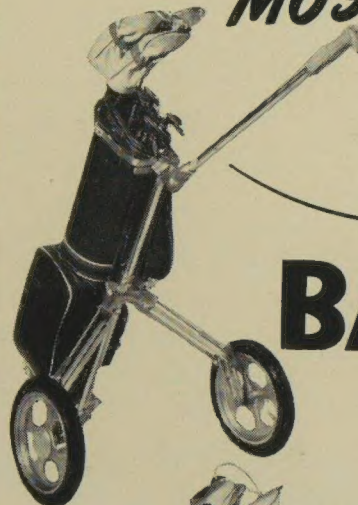


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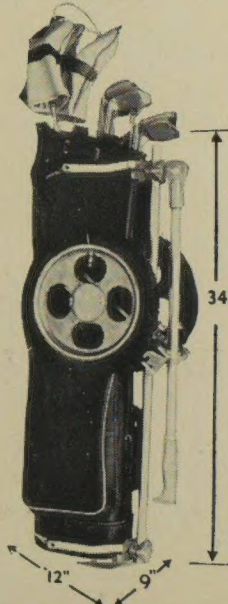
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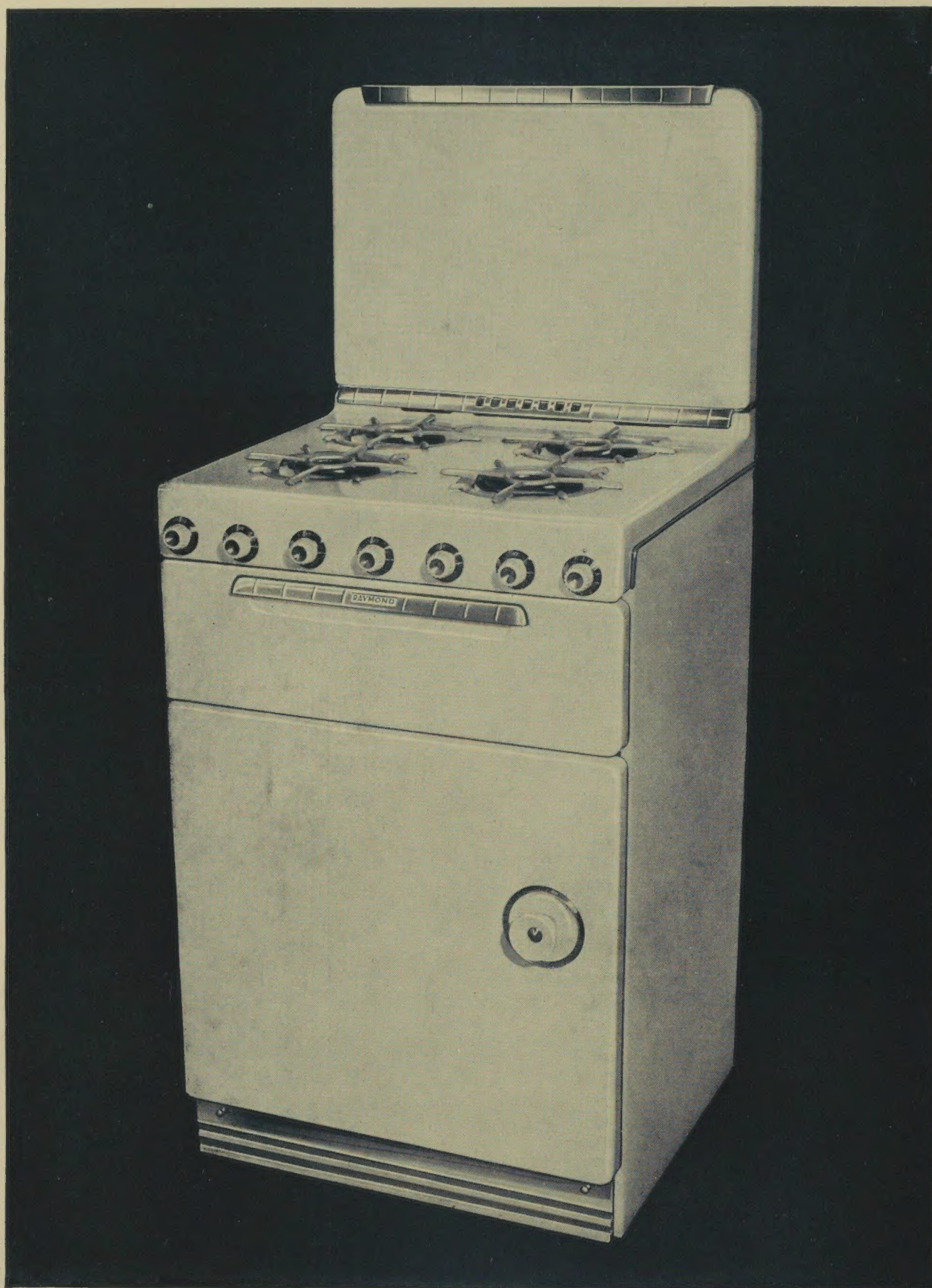
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